This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

The
Charles Motley Clark
Memorial

04753

THE

TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY,

OR A

CRUISE IN THE LA PLATA,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY.

"And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?"

NEW YORK:
STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 222 BROADWAY.

1852.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852,
By STRINGER & TOWNSEND,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY,

OR

A CRUISE IN THE LA PLATA.

CHAPTER I.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife:
Who would not brave the battle fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"
"A sail! a sail! a promised sail to hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope!"

In latitude —, longitude —, for such was the position determined by the observations of the morning, the frigate Constitution might be seen under all sail, royals and studding sails, with the wind on the starboard quarter, moving through the water at the rate of five or six knots. It had been calm during the day—but at the rising of the moon, as if the winds had been released from their thraldom, a light breeze rippled the surface of the ocean; the broad sails of the frigate as it reached her swelled steadily out. Studding sails had been set, and now from truck to deck a cloud of canvass had opened their folds, and like a bird who had spread her wings, she coursed smoothly over the sea. It was about three bells in the first watch.

"What a beautiful night!" Such was the exclamation of a midshipman to his companion, as they stood together leaning against the hammock netting in the starboard gangway of the frigate. "Is it not beautiful?" he repeated after a moment's pause, receiving no answer from his companion. "Come, Charley," he continued, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, "tell me, have you ever seen a sky like this in the Old Dominion? Look how beautifully brilliant the moon shines! and see what a pathway

of light streams from her disk, silvering all that it strikes upon! 'Tis lovely—'tis beautiful!" he repeated, as if musing with himself.

"Why what's the matter?" answered the other smiling; "you are sentimental to-night. But botheration to this moonlight romancing, Harry—let us catch a nap on the gun slide. You won't;" he continued, as the other shook his head, "well then star and moon gaze as much as you please, only keep your back to the officer of the deck; he saw me come up here with you, and if he don't see me come down, he'll take it for granted that I am still here and awake. Good bye," he continued, as he swung himself from the ladder and dropped within the shadow of the bulwark; "but hold," he added, "you asked me something about seeing such a sky as this in Old Virginia. I never did. The stars sparkle and twinkle there—what do you think of that for a description—and one might gaze on them for hours; but here, since we have crossed the line, they shine so bright, that I never look at them without feeling sleepy. They look so still, that to harmonise with the scene, I also like to be still; and as I don't snore, I sleep. Only call me at eight bells, Harry, and you can sentimentalise without interruption;" he continued, as he crept slowly along the bulwarks to a gunslide, that couch of sweet repose to the weary lids of the watching reefer.

Well might the exclamation of our young star-gazer, as he was called by his companion, be repeated—"'Tis a lovely—'tis a beautiful night." But, in order that we may understand the full beauty of the scene, we will describe the ship as thus lonely on the ocean she coursed her way to foreign climes.

Not a sound was heard, save the rippling of the waves, as they broke murmuringly under her bow and swept tingling amid the sparkling phosphorescence of the sea on either of her dark sides, as thus amidst the music of the waters, she glided swiftly over the sea. High in the heavens with broad sheets of canvass swelling steadily out to the breeze, the taunt masts rose, casting far to leeward huge shadows that darkened the surface of the deep. Below was the white deck and frowning armament of a

man-of-war, with the forms of the slumbering watch grouped around the masts, within the shadow of the bulwarks and between the guns. One half of the deck, save in the wake of the lower masts, was open to the full light of the moon: the black sides of the guns glossed by its rays shone bright, and the ornamental work attached to them and around the hatches glittered in the light. To windward on the horse-block, with his trumpet in hand, stood the officer of the deck with his arm resting on the hammock netting; to leeward leaning against the mizen mast was a midshipman, and on the quarters, in the gangways, and on the catheads, might be seen the motionless forms of the lookouts.

The breeze was light but steady, hardly careening the ship from her upright position, just filling the sails so that they slept. Not a flap of the canvass or rustle of the cordage broke the stillness, but softly she slipped over the sea, leaving a broad wake of phosphorescent light to sparkle in the hissing foam of the disturbed waters as they rushed in to fill the vacuum of her flight.

Such was the scene that met the eye of the midshipman as he turned from the heavens, where he had been gazing, to look for a moment upon the dark forms that slumbered beneath him. The mingling of light and shade that every where met his view, cast over the scene a beauty indescribable, and his heart thrilled with delight, with pride and enthusiasm, as in the silence of his own thoughts he surveyed the war vessel that thus bore him from clime to clime, safely amid the storms and dangers of the ocean, which now looked so beautifully placid in his sight.

Such was the appearance of the ship, as beneath the glorious panoply of night she glided onward over the deep. The moon had risen high in the heavens, and as softly she glided aloft mellowing the darkness of night, a flood of radiance poured from her pale respendent disk, and in a sparkling shower of silvery rays broke upon the agitated surface of the deep.

Long did the midshipman gaze upon the beauty of the night, from the sky to the deep, where all the beauties of heaven were mirrored, then to the towering masts and

broad sheets of canvass that bore the dark hull with hundreds of human beings in its depths so smoothly, so silently over the sea. A feeling of wonder and awe crept over him as he gazed: his mind was bewildered with the scene. He had often, at home, looked forth upon nature. A thousand varied hues had decked her mantle, the song of birds broke upon the silence of his thoughts, and soft perfumes, wafted by the summer breeze, would linger around him. Far as the eye could reach were the habitations of men, and with him his father. But now, alone upon the boundless sea—where nature wreathed in shadows or sparkling in the light, hung sublime in its grandeur, striking the soul with awe, casting over the spirit a gloomy sense of its own feebleness, dashing pride from its lofty pedestal, and humbling the spirit to the dust—his imagination strove to encompass the boundless thoughts that hung sublime before his vision, as his soul in silence bore him through the broad expanse of eternity, whilst thought hung pinionless, awed by the immense incomprehensibility. Wearied, he turned for relief to other thoughts, and soon his imagination recovered its wonted tone. He wished his father to see him thus, as he stood upon the deck with the slumbering crew before him and the proud ship coursing over the ocean. "Oh, that he could be here!" he thought, "how delighted he would be to see what I behold!" And he looked forth again upon the night. Then his thoughts bore him far away to visions of glory and advancement. Castle building he revelled in the bright fancies of his imagination.

The watch was passed in silence. All left to their own thoughts, drew upon their imaginations for fancies to wile away the time, and though gay and delightful may have been the dreams in which they indulged, yet when the bell struck eight, they felt no reluctance in exchanging their waking dreams for the deep slumber which they hoped to enjoy in their hammocks.

The watch was called. The deck, a moment before crowded with the sleeping forms, was now alive with men, as aroused at the call of the boatswain's mate, they stood waiting for their relief. A low buzz of voices might be heard as they whispered among themselves. The whole

scene was animated, where but a few moments before all seemed steeped in slumber or rested in the silence of their own thoughts.

Three or four midshipmen, who no doubt, like our young friend Charles, had stowed themselves away on a gun-slide, now leant lazily against the rail that surrounded the hatch.

"Harry," said Charles to the former, as he came on deck after calling the relief, "did you give Thomas a good shake? He is awful hard to wake, and keeps me up here half the time until one bell before he relieves me."

"I called him pretty loudly," answered Harry, laughing, "and told him it was eight bells; he said, very well. I left him sitting up in his hammock. He seemed to be considering whether he should turn out or not."

"I will soon put an end to his doubts," rejoined the other angrily, as he darted down the hatchway.

"Well Blount," said one of the midshipmen, "what did you see so much to admire in the weather gangway, that you should remain there all the watch?"

"Well I don't know," he replied; "I was not sleepy, and as it was pleasant there, I thought I would amuse myself by thinking of home."

"Home!" echoed the other with an expression of comical despair; "don't speak of it! Just to think—sleep in every night, and no one to order you about! Thank heavens this watch is over, at all events, and now I shall have a comfortable snooze for seven hours or so."

"Why," said Blount, "I should think that you had rather a comfortable nap since you came on deck."

"Aye! but it was in fear and trembling I slept," replied the other. "I had to keep my weather eye open, and my ears pricked up, to answer the hail of the officer of the deck had he called. But here comes the watch," he continued, as half a dozen midshipmen with pea-coats under their arms, crept lazily up the hatchway.

"This certainly is comfortable," said Blount to himself as he jumped into his hammock and closed his eyes.

The two midshipmen who addressed each other as "Charley" and "Harry," had just entered the service about two months before, and together had joined the ship

at Norfolk. They were sons of gentlemen residing upon contiguous estates on the James River. Henry Blount was an only son, and his father was a widower, his mother having died in giving him birth. Charles Cloman, on the contrary, was one of a family of six brothers and sisters, all younger than himself. Residing near each other, they became warm friends, went to school together, in fine, were brothers in affection. Blount was three years older than Cloman, the one being in his nineteenth and the other in his sixteenth year. It was a matter of surprise to the neighbors, and among others Mr. Cloman, that Mr. Blount had sent his son to sea. Being in comfortable circumstances, with an only child who was above the age at which midshipmen usually entered the service, he could not see the object or necessity of his assuming such a profession. "Let him see the world," was Mr. Blount's answer to all interrogatories on the subject.

The young midshipmen were very different in appearance. Blount was tall, near six feet, with dark hair and a brown ruddy complexion, which gave him a manly appearance that his age would hardly seem to warrant. The expression of his countenance was thoughtful too, and sometimes stern, and his mouth, though often lighted up with a smile peculiarly winning, indicated determination and energy. Cloman, on the contrary, had light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion, was slightly made and bid fair to have an elegant form. He had a merry smile usually upon his countenance, and laughed and jested on all occasions.

Our young friends were now pretty well initiated into the duties of their profession. The frigate had been at sea some eighteen or twenty days—but luckily for their comfort, had as yet only encountered pleasant weather. Their sea-sickness had passed away, and with it, in a great measure, their home-sickness. The novelty of their situation at first was unpleasant to them—their freshness or rather greenness having been for some time a source of amusement to their messmates; but now that they had in some measure worn it off, they found themselves a match for the greater number of their companions, who, like themselves, were making their first cruise.

The temperament and disposition of the two friends, as I have already shown, were totally different. A stronger contrast could not be presented; and as it would seem, their present profession was well calculated to show the points wherein they so essentially differed.

Cloman seemed cut out for a midshipman—the lazy, thoughtless, and withal active reefer. The moment an order was issued he jumped to see it executed. Always cheerful and quick in the performance of his duty, he soon became a favorite with the lieutenants, and was looked upon by all as a promising young officer. Yet could the opinion of his watch-mates be taken on the subject, he would not be found so correct and fond of duty as his alacrity and liveliness would seem to warrant. They perhaps might whisper in your ear—he was seldom called for his watch, that he did not have words with his relief about his tardiness in coming on deck; and while there his eyes were but rarely open. Yet, should an order be given, Cloman would be the first to answer the prompt "Aye, aye, sir." In fact he was one of those, who if engaged in active duty, seemed disposed to hurry through with it as quick as possible. He wanted steadiness, settledness of purpose. He was too thoughtless. He looked but to the present, and gave not a thought to the morrow. When not actively engaged, he had but few resources within himself for amusement or instruction. He delighted to be continually on the move, and when nothing called his immediate attention, he either slept or wandered sky-larking about the rigging or decks, delighted to find enjoyment in the exercise of his limbs. He was—what some of our old tars would call—the making of a good officer, and in truth he was.

Entirely different, however, was it with Blount. He had, since coming on board, seemed out of place. He could not suit himself so soon and so easily to his strange position as his friend. He found himself ignorant where there were many to observe him; and though excusable in his ignorance, yet his pride, his sensitiveness, could not brook the laugh of his messmates when he made any mistake in the execution of his duty. He became silent and reserved, and though using every means in his power

to gain information, and slowly and steadily advancing in the knowledge of his profession, yet at this time he seemed to be far otherwise engaged, taking no interest in his duties. When an order was given, if he did not understand it, he felt reluctance in repeating it, for fear, by misinterpreting, he should draw forth the ridicule of his messmates. In fine, he was modest and reserved where he should be confident and bold. He was totally unlike his friend, who seemed to gain even from the laugh raised at his expense, as the following (which I will relate as an instance) will show.

Once when all hands were called to put the ship about, Cloman made himself quite conspicuous in repeating orders, manning ropes, &c., and in his hurry to make himself useful, stationed a couple of landsmen at the windsail halyards, with instructions to let go when ordered. "Main sail haul!" sung out the lieutenant. Around went the yards, and down came the windsail on deck, capsizing half a dozen men who were near it, and tumbling a reefer, (who had comfortably ensconced himself in the lower end and was luxuriantly inhaling the cool breeze,) from the height of some three or four feet down upon the berth-deck.

"What lubber let go those halyards?" sung out the lieutenant. The two landsmen, frightened at the mischief they had unwittingly done, said nothing—but pointed to poor Cloman, who abashed and confused, hardly knew which way to turn to avoid the grinning countenances that every where met his gaze. The officer of the deck saw his confusion, and satisfied himself with cautioning him to understand the use of ropes before ordering them to be let go in future. It was in the end attributed to his *zeal*—and though with his messmates it became a standing joke "to tend the windsail halyards in tacking ship," yet Cloman lost nothing by it. The very laugh the lieutenants enjoyed at his greenness, inclined them to be more pleased with him, and as he was smart, active, and of great use to them on deck, he became, as I have already said, a favorite.

Blount, though never making the egregious mistakes that his friend did, and always strict and attentive to his

duty, never found the same favor in the eyes of his superiors. They thought him wanting in energy, careless, and unfit for his profession. This he soon learned. One of such a sensitive nature could not but perceive it. He found that he was seldom chosen for any little piece of duty which required quickness or energy. When he first became aware of this he was deeply moved, grieved that such should be the interpretation put upon his actions; but soon this feeling wore away, and pride was substituted in its place. He knew his own motives: he was conscious of their rectitude, and with egotism and obstinacy, pardonable in one of his age, he determined to allow all to hold their opinions, resolving in his own mind to make no effort to bring them to a better knowledge of himself. If they had misunderstood him, let them continue to do so. As long as he found an approver in his own conscience, he cared not. "Some future day," he thought to himself, "I may perhaps show them, I am not the inert, unambitious boy they take me for."

Though their situations were so different and they were looked upon in so different a light, yet Blount and Cloman still continued warm friends. "What say you, Harry," said Cloman one day, "suppose we go aloft? I have been considering what I should do with myself, and I have come to the conclusion, that a seat on the topsail yard would be about as comfortable a situation as I could be placed in."

"Agreed!" said Blount, and away they started up the rigging.

Not a breath of air was stirring. The sails of the frigate hung useless from the yards; once in awhile flapping against the mast as the ship rose lazily on the swell.

Our two reefers had comfortably seated themselves on the topsail yard, and were enjoying the cool draughts of air that blew down from the top-gallant sails above them.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Cloman, throwing his head back and looking aloft so that the breeze might strike more fully on his brow. "I wonder how any one can remain below almost suffocated with heat, when there is such delightful coolness up here. However, midshipman-like, as soon as the watch is over, down they go and re-

main until called up again. Suppose they could now see us at home, Harry! Would they not open their eyes to behold us perched up here in the middle of the Atlantic ocean? They would think we had become sailors in earnest, could they now see how high we have mounted. By-the-bye, Harry," he continued, "I wonder what they are all doing at home now;—thinking of us, perhaps," and his voice grew a little husky in its tones; "well, well—I hope we shall see them before many years."

"Amen, to that wish!" exclaimed Blount, and deep and earnest were the tones in which he spoke.

"Is not that a sail?" suddenly exclaimed Cloman, rising from his seat. "Look, Harry! don't you see something abeam? It looks like a white speck upon the sea. It must be a sail. But where is it? I don't see it now. I saw it just as the swell rose."

Both gazed attentively abeam—but there was nothing to be seen.

"You must be mistaken, Charley," said Blount.

"Well," replied the other, "I may be, but still I feel certain I saw something," he continued, still gazing. "But there is nothing there now, that's certain," he resumed, as he sunk back against the mast as if giving up the search.

It was perfectly calm. Not a ripple broke the glassy smoothness of the deep. Like a mirror it reflected the dark hull and towering masts of the ship. A long heavy swell was setting from the westward, and every now and then, the ship would sag to windward as she sunk in the hollow, then rise again on the top of the sea, tautening with a jerk the rigging she slackened in her descent.

From the bird's eye view presented by the position of our reefers, the ship seemed to have dwindled to nearly one half its proper size, a hundred feet and more intervening between them and the deck. Men moving about seemed to be as lilliputians, and all things combined to impress them with the height from whence they gazed.

"It is singular, Charley," remarked Blount, "that I always feel better when aloft than I do on deck. My thoughts are more elevated, clearer, I feel stronger in mind, and wonder how the petty cares and troubles we

meet with below can have any effect upon me. The very air seems purer. I breathe freer, and feel of some consequence in my own estimation, however different I may be considered by others. I can well imagine, from this, how those who live on mountains set such value by their liberty;—how they have ever been found fighting in the foremost ranks, contending for that freedom which was all to them. To mingle with men," he continued, "we must partake of their joys, their cares—but place us far out of their immediate influence, where we can calmly reflect and survey all things with a clear eye, how different we feel. How different are our thoughts, and how much nobler are our desires!"

Cloman listened attentively to his friend. He was at first startled by his earnestness, but as he continued, he grew interested, and when he paused exclaimed: "Yes, Harry, you have said what I have often thought; though I might have expressed myself in a different way. I have often wondered how men could be so obedient when they are aloft. If they had such feelings as I have when I am here, a harsh word would never have any effect upon them, at least not in the way intended to make them act, incite them to the performance of their duty. I should certainly be inclined to retort, and fully too. But, Harry, though so independent with regard to men, do you not feel more humble when you look down on the deck and think that any accident, however slight, might hurl you upon it?"

"Sail—ho!" cried the lookout from the maintopsail yard.

"Where away?" echoed the officer of the deck.

"On the weather beam, sir," was the reply.

"Can you make her out?" continued the officer.

"No, sir," replied the lookout.

"Look, Charley!" exclaimed Blount—both had started up when the sail was reported—"Look! there she is, just where you saw her. She must be the same—and you were right after all. She looks very small, and yet her sails are square. Can she be a large vessel? Some of the men were telling me the other day that they had seen a ship's royals rise out of the water, then her top-gallant

sails, and so on until her whole hull became visible. Just imagine that beneath that small piece of canvass, which as a speck dots the ocean, a frigate sails. This is like reversing the nature of things. But look! it must be a large sail. Don't you see something dark immediately below the sail, as if under it another rested?"

At this moment the ship sagged heavily to windward, and Cloman, who had caught hold of the running gear which led down the topmast, in addition to the tie, to steady himself, let go the tie and held on with both hands to the gear. It became slack in his hands and he fell with the bight along the yard.

"Save me!" he cried in terror, as he let go the rigging and tried to grasp the yard.

Blount heard him, sprung himself to windward, and caught hold of him. But alas! he had nothing to hold on himself but the bare yard. He felt himself and companion falling, and mechanically threw out his hand in despair to grasp something, whilst he held on to his friend and the yard with the other. Fortunately, he caught the bight of a rope, and as the ship recovered and rose on the top of a swell, it tautened in his grasp and lifted him partially from the yard. He at once grasped the topmast rigging with one hand, and raising Cloman with the other, drew him well into the slings of the yard.

All this happened in a moment; but it was a moment of intense excitement. Blount had acted on the impulse of the moment. He had not thought of the danger. To save his friend was all he desired. But a feeling of pride and pleasure now glowed in his heart as he saw him safe beside him.

Panting from excitement and exertion, both were silent. Cloman raised his eyes to his friend. He had struck the chord that responds to the purest feelings of our nature. Gratitude shone in his glance. Both shuddered as they looked down upon the deck, upon which they had so nearly been precipitated, and in their hearts thanked God, that he in his mercy had stretched forth his saving hand over them.

The sail could no longer be seen.

No one in the ship knew of the occurrence I have just

related. It had not at the time been perceived. But all observed that Cloman and Blount were more intimate than ever. The former had never been called upon to sustain his friends character, and so was silent in his gratitude. In fact he had not perceived his melancholy, or rather he supposed it to be the natural bent of his mind, and therefore did not for a moment dream it was owing to the estimation in which he was held by his superior officers. He thought so much of him himself, and boy-like imagined that every one looked upon him in the same light. Had he dreamed for a moment that his friend was unhappy, he would have sacrificed any thing to have removed the cause.

CHAPTER II.

"Night wanes—the vapors round the mountain curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."
"But mighty nature bounds, as if from her birth;
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth:
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream."

THE cry of "Land, ho!" early one morning, thirty-five days after the sailing of the frigate, brought our young reefers on deck. They saw the dark, undefined mass, as it loomed out of the gray mist of the morning, and wondered that it could be the beautiful highlands about Rio Janeiro, of which they had so often heard. But when the sun rose and dispersed the vapors of the morning, they were better pleased with the prospect, eagerly pointing out to each other the prominent land-marks as they came in view.

"There is the Cape!" "There is Lord Hood's Nose!" they exclaimed, as the vapor rolled away, disclosing to their sight the gigantic cliff, (whose resemblance to a human face earned for it the above cognomen) and opened a view of the passage between Cape Frio and the highlands of Rio Janeiro.

Like huge sleeping monsters resting upon the surface of the ocean, the land loomed high above the horizon, piled up in broken masses, whose rugged outline gray and wintry, cut the clear blue sky as the faint twilight of the breaking dawn disrobed them of their shadows.

As the ship advanced and the sun rose high in the heavens, the silent grandeur of the frowning mountains disappeared, and the rich and varied mantle with which nature had clothed their slopes became visible and charmed the eye as it roamed over the curled and fleece-like foliage which clung to the mountains' sides as a garment, falling from the feet of their dark uprearing summits to the slumbering ocean so calm and placid at their bases. The land breeze came softly down the mountains, gathering up the fragrant dews, and swept gently over the water heavily laden with the perfume of luscious fruits and the fresh green verdure of the shore.

"This is oppressive, Harry," said Cloman, "I feel sick. I have heard of the spicy breezes of Ceylon,—but these breezes from orange groves, fresh earth, and I know not what else—overpower me!"

And so it was. A month in the salt sea air had invigorated their faculties, and their sense of smell had become keen, rendering them susceptible to the slighest change in the atmosphere. And when the perfume of rich tropical fruits and their no less fragrant verdure, upborne on the moist breeze came to them, they were weary and oppressed, and moved languidly about the deck, striving to shake off their strange and stupifying sensations.

Like a tiny ship the large frigate contrasted with the mountain scenery around, dwindling away to a speck by the comparison as she headed up for cape Frio in the light and baffling air. But soon the sea breeze struck the flapping sails and bore them steadily out, as she squared away and stood for the conical cliff (Sugar Loaf) which marked the entrance to the harbor. She glided between beautiful green islands that rose up all around, greeting her (as they seemed to come from their ocean beds) with the luxuriant verdure (never absent from this favored part of the world,) and with the mimic roar of the heaving waters as they broke against or rippled around their bases.

The scenery around the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro has often been described; but no description can do full justice to the mingling of the sublime and beautiful, the peaceful and frowning features which make up a picture unequalled in any part of the world.

The highlands ran on either side of the harbor, leaving a small gap which formed the entrance; and with their unvarying features (of ragged and frowning summits, thickly wooded slopes coming down and fringing the water, with now and then breaks at their base, where patches of white sandy beach might be seen) stretched far in the distance.

The frigate, impelled by the now fresh sea breeze, passed the Sugar Loaf and the Fort Santa Cruz, which guarded the entrance, and amid the roaring of the surf as it broke upon the rocky and precipitous sides of the latter, entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

An immense basin, lined on either side by thickly wooded mountains, with here and there some ragged peak piercing the sky, the harbor spread far in the distance beyond the emerald isles that dotted its tranquil bosom, to the foot of the stupendous Organ mountains, whose mighty summits, ever cloud-wreathed, hurled down their rugged sides the tumbling avalanche to melt in the tropical waters of the bay.

As the ship advanced, the beautiful bays of Prio Grande with their white sandy beaches, scattered country seats, and nunneries perched on every prominent eminence, met the eye on the one side, whilst on the other, the green foliage of Boto Fogo, decking the dome-shaped hills, covered with villas and with the huge Corco Vado frowning above, and the shelving beach below, afforded a beautiful prospect to the eye.

The frigate passed another fort and soon glided among men-of-war of all nations, who with sails furled and flags streaming in the breeze, rested upon the water motionless and apparently deserted, and with the city of Rio de Janeiro on one side and the straggling village of the Prio Grande on the other, the anchor was dropped and the ship swung to the sea breeze.

"What think you of Rio now?" said Cloman to Blount,

as they stood the same evening aft on the arm-chest gazing around.

"I know not what to think," replied the other, "I have seen so much in the last few hours, that my mind is bewildered. Everything is new! so strange! that I know not which way to turn, to linger and enjoy my sensations, for my mind is hurried from scene to scene, and so various are they, I cannot pause to ponder on them. Strange people, strange boats, strange houses and ships from every part of the globe, form in my mind an incongruous mixture from which I cannot relieve it. But hark! Listen to the music of the Portuguese frigate!"

The sun had sunk behind the highlands, leaving a roseate tinge upon their summits and a faint flush in the western sky, which was gradually disappearing. It was calm, and the placid waters of the bay, like a mirror, reflected the dark hulls and long tapering spars of the ships and the departing glow of sunset. It was a silent scene. One which impresses the mind more forcible from viewing objects which possess life. And the quiet which reigned around and upon the spacious bay, whose shores peopled with its hundred of thousands, and ships with their hundreds, struck upon the mind, disposing it to harmonise with the scene.

The wild startling music of the Portuguese band broke the silence. It was an eastern tune. Such an one, as we may suppose the followers of Mahomet carried to the vine-clad hills of Portugal. Wild and abrupt, it rose for awhile upon the evening air with prolonged echoes that filled the bay. Then bursting into rich strains of harmony, it revelled in the enthusiasm of unfettered liberty, which bore along the hearts of all who listened. Then again it sunk to the low thrilling melody as if it mourned the departing day, and its dying notes wandered by sweetly on the evening air until distance folded them murmuring to rest.

Flashes of light and loud startling reports of musketry followed; and the night was ushered in by the simultaneous strains of twenty bands, whose rich music flew from mountain to mountain, reverberating with a thousand echoes of the various national airs which now from every

ship burst forth in inspiriting strains. A few minutes and all again was quiet.

Our reefers had now been in Rio a week. Their time had been so much taken up with their duties, that they had not as yet been able to go on shore, at least not to the city. The watering of the ship had given them an opportunity of entering the little bays near Prio Grande, and pulling around some of the green islands and even exploring some distance up a little river whose shady and wooded mouth tempted them to enter. But now they had received permission to go to the city, and they stood on the deck waiting for a boat.

The boat was called away and manned, and as she skimmed over the water towards the city their hearts beat with anticipation of the pleasure they were about to enjoy. Soon they stood on the quay, and engaging a guide to accompany them, they fortified themselves with a lunch at a cafè and started up the aqueduct, which they had been told, was a pleasant walk and commanded the finest views of the country around. They soon arrived at the foot of a precipitous road, which, after much fatigue they ascended, and panting and breathless stood on the summit. But they were amply repaid for their trouble with the scene which now opened to them.

Far below them to the right the city of Rio de Janeiro could be seen, with its spires and steeples glittering in the sunlight. To the left, high, conical and dome-shaped mountains, covered with verdure from their summits to their base, arose from an immense plain, which meandered in beaten roads around them stretching far in the distance to the city. Unlike the rolling ground which gradually rises to the precipitous character of mountain scenery, breaking the country into valleys and precipices, here all around, save where the broad based mountains stood like huge pyramids, was a level plain, presenting no shadowy vales to the eye, but as the road wound between the mountains the effect was the same, though the gradual slope was wanting.

Such was the view beneath the feet of the gazers, and the landscape which like a panorama was spread before them. Turning around, they found the jagged crest of

the Corco Vado above them, a huge beetling precipice, whose rugged sides, dark and drear, contrasted strongly with the thick wood which invariably clothed the rest of the scenery. And even here, from the base of the mountain, the thick overhanging branches of trees shadowed the water which came tumbling down its broken sides to flow beneath their shade. Far below was the spacious bay, with miniature ships and emerald isles dotting its bosom, and the long winding beach terminating in the Sugar Loaf and the shady groves of Boto Fogo.

Our reefers stood enchanted with the view—spellbound at the magnificent drapery with which nature had clothed herself; and it was not until their guide called their attention to the fact that they had just begun their journey, that they tore themselves away from the view.

The aqueduct, a stone funnel roofed over, was built by Don Pedro I., and conducted the water from the Corco Vado to the city. The road was along this. It had been cut out from the mountain side, and was lined on either side with shady trees.

Every step our reefers took, as they wound around the mountains, opened a new view, although the same unvarying characteristics of symmetrical mound-shaped mountains, meandering roads, and tiny villas peeping out from thick woods, continued to meet their eye. They saw in one view at first, the whole scenery which was now presented more in detail to their sight.

It was beautiful—every thing was beautiful; but the charm of contrast was wanting, and the sight at last fatigued with the never-ending and unvarying features, revolted from the beautiful harmony, and would have been relieved by the prospect of something harsher to mingle more freely and contrast with the monotonous beauty. After walking a few miles they became fatigued and sat down under the trees to rest.

"Well, Harry," said Cloman, "what think you of this? Of these beautiful mountains, so green and fresh looking, and this deep shade, and the bird's eye view which we have of the whole country?"

"Magnificent!" replied the other. "Far beyond my expectations. I never dreamed of beholding such a view

as the one spread before us. Look at the dome-shaped mountains—see how the green curled foliage clings close to their sides—and that winding road of red clay meandering among the mountains and the tiny villas, moving teams, specks of men, shady groves, and I know not what else. One day will not enable us to enjoy it. It would take months to single out and enjoy in detail the magnificent scenery around us!"

"So I say," returned Cloman; "I am tired already. I have looked and thought so much, and yet I feel myself unable to express my sensations!"

"It is apt to be the case," said Blount, "when viewing such a prospect as this. But come—the time has slipped by, and it is getting late."

Retracing their steps, our reefers with only casual glances at the prospects which had afforded them so much pleasure before, returned by the same road and by dusk were on board.

Every day brought with it some fresh pang to the sensitive feelings of Blount. The prejudices of the lieutenants caused them to believe him unambitious, callous and wanting in energy, and on all occasions they spoke harshly to him, deeming that such a course of action was the only one to arouse and make him feel the sense of duty which was required of him. He found that he was always detailed for the trifling duties of the ship; whilst others, his juniors, had more responsible duties assigned them. Moreover, if at any time he chanced to fail in carrying out the orders given him, he was harshly reprimanded before the men, which to one of his sensitive nature was deeply humiliating. Had this been general, falling equally upon all, he would not have minded it so much, but coming upon him alone, singling out him alone for harsh treatment, roused the innate passion of his nature and disposed him to be moody and sad in the exercise of duties, which with proper encouragement, he would so cheerfully have performed. Thus thrown upon himself for the judgment, approval, or disapproval of his conduct, he became accustomed, on all occasions, to refer his motives to his own conscience, and not even to be aware of the interpretation put on them by his superior officers, whose

gratuitous harshness he ascribed to personal dislike of himself. With such feelings, he carried on the duties which his profession required of him.

But his mind would often break from the petty annoyances around him and rise impassioned and proud to the appreciation of the new and strange sights before him.

Historical associations would waft him from the colored bunting of some man-of-war to the country it represented; and a feeling of pride would swell in his heart, as he marked how his own noble ship so favorably contrasted with them. He would think of the time when the fleeing monarch of Portugal departed from the hereditary realms of his father and sought safety and shelter in the beautiful and spacious bay around him. How, entering upon this paradise of the world and marking the magnificence with which nature decked every portion of it —where the earth yielded the most luscious fruits, the most fragrant spices, and the rich coffee grain which would command the commerce of the world—where the easily fortified entrance and towering highlands guards it from the foe—the fugitive conceived the idea of rearing here upon the western continent an empire, which like a Phenix from its ashes, should take its rise from the fallen ruins of Portugal, and hold forth to the old world, the startling spectacle of an empire which in extent would cover more than half of all Europe!

He would turn to gaze upon the red cross emblematical of the little island, whose history for the last few centuries is the history of the world, and thought of the countless victories gained under the proud banner which flung abroad its folds to the breeze. The tri-color of France, the eagle of Russia, the Swede, the Dane and many others were gazed upon in unison with the clustering associations which bore him back to their respective countries. Thus pondering he found resources in himself, drew upon his imagination for enjoyment, and became thoughtful and silent, like one who sees around him but little to interest and turns to other sources for amusement and pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

"Old ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone,
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach! ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me."

THE frigate, after remaining a few weeks at Rio de Janeiro, got under way and stood out of the harbor. Amidst the roar of the clashing waters which broke upon the rock-bound citadel of Santa Cruz, the towering Sugar Loaf with its peak appearing above the snowy clouds, which as a wreath encircled it, was passed, and the ship glided from the harbor of Rio de Janeiro by Raza island and the numerous islets which studded the bay, took her departure from the last promontory, Cape Frio, and stood southward along the land.

Towards evening Blount and Cloman came on deck to keep the last dog-watch.

The wind was moderate, but gradually increasing. The ship heeled over to its force, and plowed up the foam like furrows of snow, as she shook the brine from her bows and darted over the ocean.

The sun had sunk behind the land, which as a mass of gloom extended along on the starboard hand, and the stars were fast appearing in a deeper hue as twilight faded away and night advanced.

Blount and Cloman stood on the arm-chest aft, looking over the side watching the foam as it swept by, and occasionally making remarks to each other.

"We will have to take in that main top-gallant sail," said Blount, looking up over the mizen topsail. "The wind is freshening, and the old ship labors somewhat now. What do you say, Tom?"

"Well," said Cloman, "we have the master on deck, and as he prides himself upon carrying sail, I suppose he will hold on as long as he can, or until the captain comes up from below. The wind is fresher and seems likely to increase, or we would have had the land breeze before

this. Its black enough off here to leeward, Harry, and if we did'nt know there was land there, the master would take to reefing.

"As black as Erebus, Tom," said Blount, "and the haze above it extends well into the sky. It requires an effort of the imagination to bring back upon it the orange groves and the coffee plantations. But the wind freshens, and the master will have to take in sail or he will carry away something aloft."

"Man the main top-gallant clew-lines!" sung out the master at this moment.

The two reefers jumped upon the deck and ran forward to the main mast, to see the ropes manned.

"Let go the lee-sheet and halyards!" sung out the master. "Clew down! Weather sheet clew up! Aloft and furl the main top-gallant sail!"

A dozen dark forms might be seen springing up the topmast rigging to furl the sail.

"Man the fore and main clew garnets and buntlines!" was the next order. "Ease away the tacks—haul up to windward! Ease away the sheets—haul up to leeward! Bear a hand on the main top-gallant yard, and furl that sail!"

"Aye—aye, sir," was the reply borne faintly to the ear as if it came from the clouds.

The wind now had become unsteady; it blew in puffs. One moment it roared in the rigging, and the ship heeled over to her bearings and plunged madly through the sea —the huge mass of wood and iron, with its top hamper of towering masts and broad sails, groaning with the effort as it furrowed up the ocean and plowed through it—then the puff would die away, and the ship relieved from the strength of the wind, would rise and glide smoothly amidst the clashing of waters which might be distinctly heard in the lull, though drowned by the roaring of the wind when the puff came.

"Man the topsail clew-lines!" sung out the master, as a puff stronger than any heretofore struck the ship and bore her down. The ship, suddenly thus half submerged, dashed a sheet of foam all around her, and amid the deafening roar of the wind, dragged heavily through the wa-

ter. "Weather braces, stand by the halyards!" shouted the master.

The force of the puff had been expended. It lulled—the ship arose—the masts creaked—the cordage rustled together—and even the hissing foam sweeping by the side, and the voices of the men conversing together could be distinctly heard.

"My God!" in shrieking accents, was at this moment borne to the shuddering ear.

A rushing noise was heard. A dark object for a moment was seen cleaving the air with outstretched arms grasping at it. A dull, heavy sound followed. The ship quivered.

An hundred forms rushed to the gangway—and there a lifeless form was stretched upon the deck, and that stillness pervaded it which marks that life has fled.

A cry for the doctor.

It was passed from mouth to mouth. He came. The crowd opened. "He is dead!" A shudder like an electric shock passed through the crowd; and many a rough hand was drawn across the eye to wipe away the starting tear.

The body was taken and borne below, where it was covered with the jack, the sailor's winding-sheet, and left until it should cleave the parting waters and descend to the ocean depths.

Blount, who had stood by on the deck gazing among others upon the body, was deeply affected. But half an hour before he had been conversing with the man, and now he looked upon his corpse. His hour had come in all the pride of youth and strength.

"Stand by to set the courses," was the startling order of the master, which aroused him from his reflections, as the breeze seemed to grow more steady, "let go the rigging—haul aboard!"

The courses were set, and the frigate moved steadily through the water; and though occasionally the wind would freshen and lull, yet the puffs were weaker and did not require a reduction of sail.

The body of the man who had fallen from aloft was

found to be so much disfigured that the doctor recommended its immediate interment.

"All hands bury the dead!" was the cry of the boatswain and his mates, which saddened the spirits of all who had witnessed the horrid catastrophe.

From the depth of the ship crowds of dark forms came pouring through the hatches to the spar deck, and crowded upon the booms and in the gangway to take a last view of their departed shipmate. The glare of battle lanterns shone forth amid the darkness, lending an unnatural color to the weather-beaten countenances of the crew and rendering the darkness around yet more perceptible.

The body swathed in a hammock with a jack upon it rested on a plank in the lee gangway. The officers of the ship stood by on the quarter deck, and fronting them, in long flowing robes arrayed, stood the chaplain with book in hand, and his hair streaming to the wind in the act of consigning the corpse to the ocean.

The creaking of the mast—the rushing of the sea—the suppressed tones of the deck officer intent on his duty, were the only sounds to be heard, save when at intervals the words of the chaplain, like a voice from the other world, replete with warning, struck full on the ear, startling the soul with its deep and holy sounds.

A plunge—a splash—and all was over. The sound of the boatswain's pipe recalled all from their sad reflections to the performance of other duties; and though many a rude tear had in secret hallowed the wave which closed above the poor sailor, and many a yarn was spun of his good qualities as a messmate and seaman, wiling away the long hours of the watch, yet to men who are habitually exposed to the frequent recurrence of such scenes, it was otherwise forgotten, and the proud ship coursed on, a dark mass furrowing the grave as she shook the spray from her sides and sped over the ocean. To one of the enthusiastic temperament of Blount the scene approached to the sublime; and as he watched the last obsequies of the poor sailor his heart was filled with emotion. Too young to witness such scenes with calmness, his heart responded to the call which sympathy associated with the dead produced, of the pangs of anguish and grief with

which the intelligence would be received by those connected by ties of relationship or affection.

The wild grandeur of the scene—the huge ship with its towering masts and spars ploughing the ocean, and the crew, visible only by the glare of the battle lanterns, crowded around the gangway, their looks expressive of their deep sympathy—the venerable chaplain with his flowing robes and grey hairs streaming in the wind, together with the more youthful group of officers in reverential and respectful attitudes, uncovered, listening to the service—and the inanimate body covered with the blue emblem of nationality, resting upon the gangway in readiness to be launched into the ocean—roused the enthusiasm of Blount's nature, deeply impressed him, and embued his thoughts with a sombre hue which disposed him to the consideration of the slight tenure which we all hold upon life, and how at any moment it may be snapped, and launch us into eternity.

The frigate, impelled by favorable winds, soon entered the Rio de la Plata, and shortly after anchored off Montevideo, with the huge dome-shaped mountain from which the city takes its name above her.

Next morning, Blount hearing of a vacancy on board the schooner Sea Gull which was stationed in the river, applied and received orders to join her.

The parting between Cloman and himself was a sad one. He also regretted leaving his messmates, who had become much attached to him. But otherwise he felt a sensation of relief as he pulled away from the ship, and a feeling of pleasure as he mounted the low side of his future home.

He found his new messmate (there was only one) agreeable—he was about his own age, and the captain and lieutenant gentlemanly and amiable officers, who sought to make the duty of the vessel a pleasant one to all.

The schooner had but few officers. The captain (Duncan) was a tall fine looking man over six feet, and broad full chested, with a handsome manly countenance. His age might have been forty or thereabouts. The lieutenant (Mr. Marline) was somewhat his counterpart in size, standing six feet in his stockings. He had an amiable

and an intelligent countenance. The surgeon (Doctor Connolly) was also a tall stately man, with his hair of an iron grey, which gave evidence of greater age than the captain. The messmate of Blount was Stanly, a midshipman of the same date as himself, but a few weeks later. He was of medium height, and had fine lively grey eyes which animated an intelligent countenance. The crew of the schooner were also large men, as if they had been picked; not one was below medium height, and perhaps but one or two as short as that.

Blount was given charge of a watch and the chronometers, (the schooner had no master,) and during the occasional trips up the river to supply the frigate with water, was found in the estimation of the officers fully equal to the charge, and much farther advanced in the knowledge of his profession than the time he had been in the service had led them to expect.

He now became attached to the duties and discipline of the vessel, and relieved from the petty annoyance to which he had been subjected on board the frigate, became more cheerful, and cast aside the moody manner which formerly had characterized him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Her dark hull, the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides."

MONTEVIDEO was at this time in a state of siege. The forces of General Oribe, the federal candidate for the Presidency of Montevideo, assisted by the troops of Rossas, Governor of Buenos Ayres and the acknowledged head of the federal party, had surrounded the town, cutting off all communication with the country.

Ribiera, the unitarian President of Montevideo, having previously left the city to engage Oribe, was met by him

and defeated. He was now with the remains of his army, principally cavalry, in the pampas, cut off from the city, and with force too small to open a communication with it.

At this time, however, the Montevideans were in high hopes and anxious expectation of seeing Ribiera break through the besieging army and marching into the city.

Blount had now frequent opportunities of going on shore, of which he availed himself, and watched with some degree of interest the operations of the combatants.

One evening as he sat on the arm-chest—the schooner was anchored just off the city—listening to the rattling of the musketry on shore, whose frequent reports had now become almost continuous, but few intervals intervening between, he saw a sail appear in the offing, which by the aid of the glass, he discovered to be a brig; her hull was not yet visible. It was reported to the captain, who replied, "to let him know when her hull came in sight or her colors could be seen."

It was a clear, soft evening. The sun was near the horizon, and threw its slanting beams upon the shipping in the harbor, and on a portion of the city, lighting with its golden light, houses, ships, masts, spars, and the water which reflected it back like a burnished mirror in a shower of radiance. In the distance there was the symmetrical shaped mount, its summit crowned with a fortification belching forth fire and smoke in the direction of a number of mounted men who were ascending the slope, and who fired pistols as if in taunting response to the fire of the fort as they caracoled on their horses full in view from the schooner.

The sun beams wreathed the foot of the mount and showered its golden light upon the water at its base; but above it appeared like distant land enveloped in a blue haze, and although the booming of the guns could be heard, and the fire and smoke streaming from the muzzles be seen, yet the peculiar appearance of the mount—too elevated for the rays of the sunset—gave to Blount an idea of its being far distant. The long shadows of the horsemen as they rode about on the ridge which connects the mount with the city, could be distinctly seen reaching to the fortification, and if an arm were stretched out to fire

a pistol, it seemed to be some long instrument reaching to and touching the fortification.

The scene was peculiar and fantastic in the extreme. The gigantic shadows interlocking caracoled about as if in fierce revelry preparing for the charge, one moment—at another forming in line, their shadows reached to the summit, then breaking, as some shot ploughed the ground, they spread out on either side, while one of their number, perhaps advancing before the rest, would extend his arm like Don Quixote, charging the windmill, and with lance in rest touching the fortification advance a few feet as if to charge, when a flat sound and a tiny spark would come from the long lance, and the gigantic horseman and the delusion would be broken.

Blount watched for some time this singular scene—this battle of giants undertaken in bravado, as if to taunt the solitary and isolated fortress which commanded the only spot of ground in possession of the Montevideans near the suburbs of the city. Withdrawing his eyes, he cast them in the direction of the city; and there, from steeple, dome, and the flat roofed houses, thousands of people—men, women and children—were gazing in the direction from whence peals upon peals of musketry came, marking some skirmish or regular engagement being in operation.

"That seems to be a man-of-war brig, sir," said the quarter-master, approaching Blount, who was looking in the direction of the city.

"Let me have the glass," said Blount, turning around and taking it from him.

The brig's hull was now visible, and her whole appearance gave evidence of her being a man-of-war. Her colors could not be seen; but from her truck a long pennant streamed out, indicative of her character.

"Inform the captain, quarter master, that the brig's hull is visible, and that she wears a pennant," said Blount.

"Ay—aye, sir," said the quarter-master, descending into the cabin.

Captain Duncan came on deck, and taking the glass pointed it at the brig, and after an interval of a few seconds lowered it. "It must be one of Brown's brigs, Mr. Blount," said he. "I believe the Buenos Ayrean govern-

ment has lately bought a Swedish brig, and this must be the one. She seems lighter built than vessels usually are; and you know the Swedes build of their light fir wood. This must be she."

"She is evidently bound this way, sir," said Blount, "and heading, if anything, inside of us. If she opens upon the town, sir, we shall have fighting all around us."

"Yes," returned the captain—"she heads this way. I wonder if she's going to take a berth inside of us. There go her colors," he continued, placing the glass to his eye, as the breeze blew the brig's ensign out, (she was coming down before the wind with square yards) "and Buenos Ayrean, as I thought. I wonder if they can make her out from the frigate. Bend on the cornet, Mr. Blount, and let the quarter-masters get out their bunting."

"Ay—aye, sir," said Blount. "Quarter-master bend on the cornet. Boatswain's mate," raising his voice, "send the quarter-masters aft. Shall we hoist the cornet as soon as we are ready, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain.

The cornet was hoisted and a signal run up, which was answered by the frigate so quickly, that it was evident she was on the look out.

After an interchange of the signals for about fifteen minutes, the cornet was hauled down, and the answer to the information given—that a Buenos Ayrean brig-of-war was standing close into the shore, was—"look out for the Consul."

The sun had now sunk beneath the horizon, but it was still light; the long twilight had just commenced, and every thing could be seen distinctly, more so perhaps than when the sun was so near the horizon, though a light gauze-like haze seemed gradually to be creeping over the mount and city.

The brig had now approached within two or three cable's length of the schooner. She was still under top-gallant sails, with her foresail set, and moved rapidly through the water. The schooner's officers and men had now collected on the deck and stood watching her approach.

"I say, Blount," said Stanly, "I hope she'll drop her

mud hook a little ahead of us, for I hardly think with that way on her, she'll bring up this side of the beach."

"There seems to be some hands at the spanker outhaul," returned Blount. "I expect she will luff athwart our bow when she gets inside of us. It would be madness to come-to with that headway. A frigate's cable would hardly hold her."

The brig now had approached within a few yards of the schooner, her colors lightly lifting in the breeze, and foresails and topsails flapping against the masts, but her top-gallant sails and the royals, which she had just set, blew steadily out, showing that the wind was pretty much aloft. She rapidly moved past the schooner, rippling through the calm water, her men at the guns with lighted matches, and everything ready for a bombardment.

The captain, an old grey headed man, stood upon the poop, and as the brig drew ahead, took off his hat and bowed to the schooner's officers, which was politely returned by them.

As soon as the brig was well clear of the schooner, as Blount had foreseen, she luffed athwart her bow and stood along the shore at the base of the mount.

All at once she poured out a broadside of round shot. The fire was necessarily useless and ineffectual, the elevation of the fortress being too great for the guns to bear upon it. The shot buried themselves in the mount, knocking up large quantities of the earth, and one bounded up the ascent and rolled apparently within a few feet of the summit.

Not so harmless, however, was the return fire of the fortification. A shower of grape came from it; and the brig's topsails could be seen full of holes, and a rope here and there streaming out. The horsemen who had been on the ridge now rode rapidly down in the direction of the water's side. The guns from the mount, charged with grape, blazing away full upon the brig, which still hugged the shore, occasionally firing a gun, as if she would not haul off until night set in.

"That fellow is getting pretty well peppered," said the captain to the first lieutenant who stood beside him. "Look! there goes a top-gallant sheet! and there's the

fore topsail halyards! The mount will bring him up all standing, if he don't bear a hand and steer out of the line of the shot. He is a hardy, daring fellow, for one of his grey hairs and apparent years. Hey! Marline, it would hardly suit one of us to play the boy as he is doing!"

"No, sir," replied the first lieutenant. "He must be mad. If the mount don't bring him up, there are a few sunken rocks off that point which will. There she goes," he exclaimed, as the brig was seen to quiver and roll on one side, "right upon them. She has a hole in her bottom, which no carpenter can patch. Shall I call away the boats, sir? She'll sink shortly."

The brig had evidently struck. By the aid of the glass the greatest confusion could be observed on board of her. She was heeled over on her side, and her masts, with a crash that could be heard on the decks of the schooner, came sweeping with all the top hamper of spars, set sails and rigging upon them, from aloft, and fell over the side. The mount during this time was pouring upon her incessantly grape, and occasionally round shot.

"No," answered the captain to the question of the first lieutenant. "We must not break the laws of neutrality, or expose our men to such imminent danger. Though by heavens!" he exclaimed, as the brig's masts fell, "it is almost a shame to see the gallant old fellow cut up in that way. But it can't be helped;" and the captain got down from the arm-chest and walked the deck.

"We might save a few stragglers, sir," said Blount, approaching him and touching his hat. "A half dozen men might be of some service. The boats of the English sloop are alongside and about being manned, sir."

"Well, Mr. Marline," said the captain smiling, "let Mr. Blount and Mr. Stanly have the cutters. I suppose it will not do to stand here and see those poor fellows drowned. The brig is lost, and the Montevideans have her now when they choose to take her. Young gentlemen," he continued to Blount and Stanly, who stood by, "you must understand, I will have no useless exposure of the men. The fort is still playing down upon the wreck with grape and round shot; keep out of the range of it, but otherwise make yourselves as useful as you can.

Now jump into the boats and give away, or the English will be ahead of you."

"Ay—aye, sir," was the reply of the midshipmen, jumping into the boats and pulling off from the schooner.

Blount had a whale boat, and he soon distanced Stanly, whose boat was heavier and moved sluggishly compared with the light clinker built, which shot like an arrow over the smooth water.

The brig was now a wreck. All her masts had gone by the board, and she swung uneasily to and fro, with her bow lifted and stern free, as if she hung forward on a rock.

Blount dashed in towards her a little in advance of three or four English boats which were rapidly approaching. But as he neared her, a number of struggling forms in the water arrested his attention and checked the speed of his boat. He found them to be men, and drew them on board as fast as he met them, calling to the English boats, which had now approached, to do the same.

The request was cheerfully complied with; and when the sailors on board the brig saw that assistance was near, they jumped over board, swam to the boats and were picked up.

The old captain was the last, and seemed to hesitate whether he should leave his vessel. He stood upon the taffrail, looking up at the fortification, whose iron hail was incessantly pouring down upon his devoted vessel, and seemed to be regretting his inability to return their fire, then turning around, he waved his hand to the horsemen ashore, who could faintly be seen, then tossing them high above his head, he plunged into the water. A boat picked him up.

It was now quite dark, but still the shot fell upon the wreck of the brig, crashing through the timbers, and the red flashes from the fortification could be seen as the guns hurled their iron messengers.

Blount had his boat full of men, and so had Stanly, who by the slowness of his boat arrived somewhat later, and he was about to give way in the direction of the schooner, when three or four large boats dashed in sight. One a little in advance of the others, as it approached

Blount, laid on its oars, and the officer standing up, accosted him—

"Are there any men on board the brig, sir?" said the voice of Cloman, not being able to distinguish his friend in the darkness.

"No—we have them all aboard, Charley," returned Blount. "You are late with your boats."

"Is that you, Harry?" said Cloman, as the boats approached, stretching out his hand to Blount. "I did not know you, and thought I was speaking to the Englishman. We saw her boats start, but not your's. How have you been?"

"Very well," said Blount. "How are all aboard?"

"Well," returned the other. "But here comes our second luff. We are going to take the brig's men from you and carry them aboard the frigate, until old Brown comes along; so you might as well let them jump aboard."

Blount gave the order, and while the transfer was taking place, enquired after his messmates.

"Who is in charge of the schooner's boats?" cried the voice of the lieutenant coming up in his boat.

"Mr. Blount, sir," said he, jumping up in the boat.

"Well, Mr. Blount," said the lieutenant, "let the brig's crew be transferred into our boats."

"Ay—aye, sir!" replied Blount. "They are all out of mine, sir."

"And mine, sir," said Stanly, who had heard the order from Cloman, and pulled alongside one of the frigate's boats, into which he had put his men.

"Then give way for the ship my lads," said the lieutenant.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Blount. "When are you coming ashore?"

"As soon as I can," replied Cloman. "Perhaps, day after to-morrow. Good night." And the boats separated—Cloman pulling in the direction of the ship in the wake of the frigate's boats, and Blount resting on his oars gazing up at the mount which still belched forth its flame and whistling shot.

"I say Blount"—said Stanly, whose boat was on the other side close to—"the mount is determined not to

leave a plank of the brig sticking to her hull. It is a sinful waste of powder and ball, to be throwing it into a deserted wreck."

"But Stanly," said Blount, "they can hardly know that the wreck is deserted. It was growing dark when we started, and they no doubt think the crew still aboard."

"Well," said Stanly, "that may be true. But still I don't think it exactly according to Gunter to be pitching their shot into a sinking craft, even though she be an enemy."

"I agree with you," returned Blount. "But come, had we better not be starting towards the schooner?"

"Give way then," said Stanly—"you have the fastest boat. I will follow in your wake."

"There's something brewing to the westward, sir," said the after oarsman, an old sailor, who had jumped into the boat for the occasion. "We shall have a cap full of wind before morning and pieces of that wreck drifting past us."

"What do you judge by?" said Blount, looking to the westward and seeing nothing but the blue sky.

"This heavy dew, sir," said the old seaman, "and that blue haze cover over the mount this evening. I have often seen it, but never without a puff of wind close in its wake."

"Well," said Blount, "it does not make much difference now how soon she goes to pieces. Way enough!" he exclaimed, as the boat came near the side of the schooner. The oars were trailed, Blount catching a man rope, jumped aboard and made his report to the captain, who was standing at the gangway.

"Were any of the brig's men hurt," enquired the captain.

"Some five or six killed, sir," said Blount, "and one or two wounded slightly. The English boats picked them up; the officer said they were not badly wounded."

"Well, sir, what of the brig?" continued the captain. "Any chance of getting her off?"

"No, sir," replied Blount. "She is hanging by the fore foot, and her stern is swinging about. We could hear the rocks grinding through her timbers. The men

whom we had in the boat said that her whole fore foot is stove in. She can hardly stand until morning, sir. The shot from the mount drive through and through her."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the captain. "These firwood built ships are nothing but egg-shells and if they strike anything it drives through their bottom. What would you think, Marline, of one of our live oak crafts hanging upon a rock, like a dolphin stuck to a grain?"

"Rather a sad predicament," replied the other laughing. "But, sir, shall we give the schooner more chain? The dew falls heavily, and I should not be surprised if we had a squall before morning."

"Yes," replied the captain. "Veer out to another shackle, and have the port anchor ready for letting go."

"Ay—ay, sir!" replied the other, and walked forward.

Chain was given to the schooner. In the night it blew heavily, but cleared away towards morning. At daybreak nothing was to be seen of the brig. She had disappeared. But towards eight bells pieces of the wreck floated by the schooner and were picked up.

"A perfect cockle-shell," said Blount, looking at one of these pieces,—"with planking like this a heavy sea would stave in."

"You have got her floor timber, Blount," said Stanly, laughing. "What think you of this for planking?" handing him a piece about a quarter of an inch thick.

"I believe you are right," said Blount. "Well, it is a good thing she is gone. She might do for the river in fair weather, but a thumping sea of fresh water during a pampero would knock her in like a gourd."

CHAPTER V.

"Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone."

THE morning was fresh and cool. White clouds in broken masses drove the grey wintry sky, which obscured the sun, preventing shade and giving a broad glare to daylight. The wind was moderate, and the water rose and fell, not yet settled from the heavy squall of the night.

In the afternoon one of the frigate's boats came alongside and Cloman jumping out, it shoved off and was pulled in the direction of the shore.

"I have come to remain with you, Harry," said he to Blount, when they were seated in the steerage, "until to-morrow morning."

"I am glad to hear it, Charley," said Blount. "Let me make you acquainted with Stanly," continued he, as that officer came down from the deck. The young men shook hands.

"I did not expect you so early," continued Blount. "How did you get permission, Charley? and why have you come alone? You frigate midshipmen, when you come ashore, generally come a raft of you at a time," he added, smiling.

"And you schooner reefers," said Cloman, "excuse me Mr. Stanly, generally go alone, and move about as if you were lost, glad enough to get a frigate's midshipman to associate with you. But Harry, you must recollect I have not been ashore yet. Are you on duty?"

"Yes," replied Blount, "It is my day's duty."

"That's bad," said Cloman, "I wish now I had remained on board until your liberty day came."

"Ah, Charley," said Blount, smiling, "you know not the comforts of a schooner's life. I will go ashore with you, and Stanly, I am sure will not have any objection to relieve me. Have you Stanly?" turning to him.

"Certainly not," replied Stanly. "By-the-bye, Blount," he added, "the market-boat brought off invitations for us, to a tertullia this evening at Dr. ———'s. I have some letters to write, and will send my regrets by you."

"There Charley," said Blount, "see what is in store for you. A trip on shore, and an opportunity of seeing the black-eyed signoritas of Montevideo. But you have not answered my question yet. How did you get permission to come on shore so much earlier than you expected?"

"Well," replied Cloman, "I forgot to tell you. You must know I am launch officer, and have been kept pretty steadily employed since we have been here in cruising to the other side of the mount for fresh grub—a sort of huckster; bartering with the Gauchos for fresh beef and vegetables. We made you our water tank you know; and as the frigate sails to-morrow, and all hands have at one time or another been on shore, I put in my claim, and the first luff, in consideration of my arduous duties, granted me the extraordinary favor of coming ashore and remaining out of the ship all night."

"You had better spend the latter with us?" said Stanly, smiling. "You will find the fleas anything but pleasant bed fellows, and though you may see," pointing to the beams and carlines overhead which were swarming with flies, "that we are pestered with birds of another color, yet when you stretch yourself on a bed ashore, Gulliver, with each hair of his head belayed by a lilliputian, suffered but half the agony which will fall to your lot. Come aboard after the tertullia—we'll sling a hammock for you, and make you comfortable, despite of cockroaches and flies. What do you think, Blount? Is not my advice good?"

"None could give better," said Blount, laughing. "You must know, Charley, that Stanly, about a week ago, undertook to sleep on shore in spite of the representations made him of the annoyance to which he would be subjected; and about two in the morning he came off minus shoes, stockings and cap; chased from bed and board and half maddened with flea bites, which affected his usually good temper to such a degree, that I had to keep his night

watch for him to put him in good humor again. So you had better take his advice."

"Well, gentlemen," said Cloman, "I place myself in your hands, and hope you will protect me from flies, cockroaches and flea bites. But come, Harry, '*tempus fugit.*' Had you not better rig yourself? you know I have not seen anything of the city yet."

"Take a walk on deck with Stanly, Charley," said Blount, "I will join you directly, and we will go on shore."

"Bear a hand then," said Cloman rising, and with Stanly ascending to the deck.

It was not long before Blount made his appearance, and a boat being called away and manned, the two midshipmen took their seats and were pulled towards the shore.

"Hilloa, Harry," exclaimed Cloman, as the boat passed a group of women bathing in the river—"have you mermaids to swim in sight of the schooner for your amusement? What a group of long-haired, black-eyed damsels they are! and yet they swim about, unconscious as it seems, of exciting any remarks."

"Es accustumbre aqui," said Blount. "It has been the only answer vouchsafed me when I asked why they bathed so publicly. But what harm is it, Charley, their dresses are long, and were it not for their dishevelled locks and wet garments, there is nothing singular even to us in their appearance."

"No," replied Cloman. "It is an unsual sight for me and I was rather surprised at first. But some of our Yankee messmates, I recollect now, were telling me it was quite the fashion at bathing places north to do the same."

The boat passed the group of naiads, and shot in between a number of boats to the steps at the landing, which was a long wooden pier, extending some distance out from the land.

Ascending the steps, Blount called the attention of Cloman to some Montevidean soldiers, who were being drilled in the manual of arms on the bridge.

It was a motley group, or rather line, for they were drawn up toeing a plank, which gave some regularity to their general appearance. But passing in front, there

were such an incongruous mixture of hues and costumes, both in face and garment, that it seemed as if the little squad had in it a representative from every portion of the globe. The sable skinned negro, the Indian-like Gaucho, the swarthy Bass, the pale Montevidean citizen soldier, the Frenchman, Englishman, red-haired Scotchman, perhaps a Yankee, Blount knew not, and several others.

The squad was being drilled by a swarthy, powerful looking sergeant, who had a cocked hat slewed athwartship on his head, epaulets of worsted on his shoulders, and a long drawn sword in his hand. He had no shoes on his feet, and this seemingly useless article was also foreign to the accoutrements and dress of his men. The latter, it would be impossible to describe in detail; suffice it to be said, that although all wore trousers, some few caps, yet jackets were almost as scarce as shoes, though one here and there might be seen buttoned up to the chin in a thick cloth coat, with faded facing of blue upon the collar and sleeves, with the waist approaching the arm, and a little bob-tail, affording but a scanty covering for the back. They all had rusty muskets, which from their appearance would seem to be more dangerous to themselves than effective against the enemy.

The only uniformity existing in this fantastic group, consisted of high polished stocks of leather, which each one wore, propping their heads high up in the air, and causing many sad casualties in the course of the exercise they were undergoing. Such as bringing the muskets down upon their own or neighbor's bare toes, at "order arms," causing many a grimace, and perhaps howl of pain, as they endeavored in vain to glance down at the afflicted member. Blount and Cloman were nearly convulsed with suppressed laughter at witnessing one of these sad catastrophes.

The subject which afforded this merriment was a young negro apparently about twenty, who had on one of the coats above described, the tail of which stuck straight out from his back, being drawn so tight around his waist, the sleeves came to his elbow, and altogether it seemed as if he had been squeezed into the coat of a boy of fifteen. He was a fat, healthy looking fellow, bound up in his har-

ness of tight coat and a stock, which forced his chin high up in the air. It had been so drawn around the throat, that he seemed almost choaked, his fat cheeks lying over the edges of his stock, and great staring eyes almost protruding from their sockets. The perspiration rolled in streams down his face, leaving spots upon it in some places, and hanging in thick round drops in others. His breeches, also, though large at the feet, like a sailor's, were tight as wax, fitting close to the skin from the knees upwards to a pair of red morocco suspenders, which attached them to the shoulders.

Blount's and Cloman's attention had been attracted by this comical looking figure. Already twice had the indefatigable sergeant given the order which brought the muskets heavily upon the bridge, and twice had the negro, as might be seen by the contortions of his face, suffered in the execution of the order.

The command was again given—the negro dropped his musket well out in front of him; but his neighbor, actuated by the same motive of shielding his own feet, dropped his a little on one side, and it crushed heavily upon the foot of the negro. The latter's face writhed with pain, his lips quivered, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He dropped his musket, and seizing hold of his great toe, with his head propped up in the direction of the zenith, sung out, "By Golly, massa sergeant, this nebber do!" and he limped about the bridge holding to his foot, with great staring eyes, almost starting from their sockets, and his fat, flabby cheeks hanging an inch or two over the stock with the effort to bring his head down and put the wounded member to his mouth.

The midshipmen were almost convulsed with laughter; but seeing the sergeant advancing towards the poor fellow with the flat of his sword uplifted, their merriment changed into commiseration, and rushing after him, Blount slipped a dollar into his hand, which was received with a bow, and taking the same opportunity in passing he slipped another into the hand of the negro, which checked his tears and pain, calling forth a grin from ear to ear as he picked up his musket and strutted back to his place in the ranks.

It was sometime before the midshipmen could recover their gravity of demeanor.

"Are these favorable specimens of the military of the country, Blount?" said Cloman, indulging in a fresh peal of laughter as he recalled to mind the scene he had just witnessed.

"Come Charley," said Blount, "the people will think us mad if they see us laughing this way; come be grave."

"I can't help it, Harry," said Cloman, still laughing. "I wonder where the poor fellow came from. There was a smack of old Virginia upon his tongue. You must hunt him up, Harry, and ship him. I think he has enough of soldiering."

"Well, I will," said Blount, "only stop that laughing —you are attracting attention."

"Well, I am as sober as a judge now," said Cloman, closing his mouth and looking grave. "But you must not forget your promise."

"Come along then," said Blount, hurrying through the narrow streets and entering into a square, "I want to take you to the lines—look up at the houses. And hark!—don't you hear the report of musketry?"

"Yes," said Cloman. "What is it? And what are all the people perched up on the houses for?"

"Watching some skirmishing, probably," replied Blount, hurrying on. "Let's try and get a view of it ourselves. It will not do to visit the lines now, unless you have a fancy to be shot."

"Not the least," replied Cloman. "Though I would like to see what's going on."

"Well, come along then," said Blount; they had been walking rapidly and the firing now appeared quite near them. "Here's a door open, suppose we enter and mount up to the top of the house?"

"Agreed," said Cloman. They entered and walked into the patio, but found it vacant. So they mounted up the steps which led to the top of the house, and on emerging from them, found as far as the eye could reach, groups of men, women and children, gazing in the direction of the country.

There were also a number of young ladies, attended by

their beaux, chatting together, and watching the proceedings outside of the city. Children were running about in every direction, and old men and women smoking papelitos, sat upon the stone balustrade similarly employed in watching and talking.

They seemed, in spite of their gayety, to be taking considerable interest in what was going on, as an occasional wave of the handkerchief or hand, or an acclamation of joy would indicate some success, or a stamp of the foot or some gesticulation of anger or grief, would imply some reverse.

The midshipmen approached to a part of the balustrade which was not occupied, and looking beyond, the whole scene of operations was opened to them.

To the left was the mount. To the right and in front was what was called the new town, consisting of scattered, irregular ruins, hardly offering any protection from artillery, but fine opportunities for the light infantry operations of which it was now the theatre.

From these ruins, a scattering fire of small arms was kept up, and the parties engaged could be observed dodging behind broken walls, bushes, or anything that offered a cover. Occasionally a man would be seen to fall, and one or two wounded, limp away from the combat to some cover.

In the apparent confusion of the scene, there was to the close observer as much regularity in the proceedings of the skirmishers as that manner of fighting would admit of. For instance, their approach would be in line, though each one taking advantage of every cover offered, would dart to it and blaze away, leaving his companions to do the same. At one time they would form in circle and with bended knees close in thick serried ranks, with a bulwark of bayonets glittering all around, stand prepared for a troop of cavalry, hovering near. At another time they would break, take to cover, and throw a scattering fire into their adversaries.

Such were the operations of the Montevideans, approaching their opponents. These could only be recognized by the flash of their muskets, as, when occasion offered, they poured in their fire upon the approaching foe.

Beyond the skirmishers, about a mile off, might be seen the tents of Oribe's army, and in the space between them and Newtown, a heterogeneous mingling of cattle, foot soldiers, cavalry, wagons, &c.

"The scene is rather exciting," said Blount. "You see the little squad on the bridge was not a favorable specimen of the Montevidean military. These are brave fellows, and they do not seem to regard the danger. Look at that young officer advancing in full view without cover. The Buenos Ayreans appear too, to be equally as brave."

The individual alluded to, seemed to be a young man with a long plume in his chapeau, which might be taken in the distance as an indication that he was an officer. He had stepped out from behind a piece of ruined wall, and with sword waving above his head, was rushing through the street, his men, though not thus incautiously exposing themselves, followed, darting from cover to cover, advancing towards the Montevideans. Flash after flash was seen, and report after report was heard, but still the young officer kept on.

A hum of admiration ran through the immense crowd gathered on the tops of the houses, and a few acclamations of loudly expressed approbation were indulged in, as if wrung from them by the gallant bearing of their foe.

Blount saw a beautiful young girl of about eighteen, with mellow, lustrous eyes, glowing with light, but with countenance pale as marble, approach in silence the stone balustrade, and gaze intently with outstretched neck and compressed lips in the direction of the officer. A shriek of anguish suddenly broke from her lips, and following her gaze he saw the young officer's plume sway backward and forward, but he did not fall. On he advanced still erect, and the red flash of the rifles could be seen gleaming all around him.

A crowd had gathered around the young lady, who had fainted. Blount's sympathies had drawn his gaze to her. He now looked again in the direction of the skirmishers, but the plume was not to be seen. The young officer had disappeared.

"Where is he, Charley?" he exclaimed with deep interest, to Cloman.

"Under cover," replied the other. "He seemed to stagger and some men rushing out carried him behind a wall. He waved his handkerchief this way, just as he disappeared."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Blount. "Then he is safe. I wonder, Charley, if the young lady knew that he was borne under cover. I wish I could muster up a little Spanish, I would inform her."

A tall, fine looking gentleman, dressed in black, now approached the midshipmen, and bowing, introduced himself as their countryman, Doctor ———.

Blount recognized the name and profession as pertaining to the gentleman, to whose house he was invited that night. He bowed in return.

"I was just regretting," said Blount, "my inability to speak Spanish. There is a young lady here, who seems interested in the fate of an officer, whom she no doubt supposes to have fallen. But my friend tells me that although wounded he is still alive and waved his handkerchief in this direction as he was borne by his men under cover."

"To which side does he belong?" enquired the Doctor.

"The Buenos Ayrean," replied Blount.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Then it must be Miss Carrera. Is it she who is yonder among that group of ladies?"

"Yes," replied Blount.

"Then I will hasten to her with the good tidings," said the Doctor, leaving the midshipmen and walking towards the group of ladies.

The skirmishers now could not be seen. They appeared to have advanced to close quarters, and continuous flashes and reports gleaming and rising from a cloud of smoke, would seem to afford evidence that they were hotly and closely engaged.

A large body of men could be discerned approaching from the camp of Oribe. A gun a little to the right of Blount was fired from a low battery. Shortly after, issuing from the smoke, as if the gun had been the signal for their

recall, the Montevidean skirmishers appeared in retreat, but halting under cover and firing at regular intervals as their foes in pursuit incautiously exposed themselves. Another gun from the fort checked the advance of the latter.

The skirmishers, now forming into line, marched close up to the walls of the city, and were hailed with waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies and shouts of applause from the men.

Blount's attention was attracted by five or six prisoners out of the line and in the rear of the advancing troops. He looked closely, and recognized the young officer who had so gallantly borne himself. He was staggering along with his chapeau drawn over his brows, the plume broken, between two men who seemed to be supporting him.

He felt a tight grasp upon his arm, and looking around he again saw the young lady who had exhibited such interest in the fate of the young officer, clinging to his arm as if for support, while her gaze had taken the same direction as his own.

The young officer at this moment raised his eyes. A flush of joy passed over his pale countenance. He took off his chapeau and waved it. The lady returned it with her handkerchief, and he disappeared within the gate.

She now seemed to awake to the consciousness of her position, and the impropriety she had been guilty of in taking a stranger's arm. With a blush she let it go and took Doctor ———'s, who was on the other side of her, to whom she spoke a few words in Spanish.

"We had just come," said the latter to Blount, "to thank you for the information you gave regarding the safety of the young officer, who is the fiancè of Miss Carrera. She desires me to tell you this, as otherwise she could not forgive herself for the impropriety, though unconsciously committed, which she was led into by the surprise and emotion of the moment. I hope, gentlemen, I shall see you both at my house this evening. I have already sent invitations to the schooner and frigate; though I hardly expect the officers of the latter will come this gloomy day."

Blount and Cloman bowing, answered, "that they

would with pleasure avail themselves of the invitation." The Doctor walked away with his companion, who bowed to the midshipmen as she accompanied him.

"Is she not a beautiful creature, Harry?" said Cloman, when the party was a little distant, with admiration in his look and manner. "She is the loveliest girl I ever saw."

"Look out, Charley," said Blount, laughing. "There is no chance for you. Did you not hear the Doctor say she was engaged?"

"Yes," said Cloman—"a noble fellow he is, too, and worthy of her. But Harry I am not in love. You know that this is the first specimen of Spanish beauty I have yet seen; so you must allow for the effect of such loveliness in the exciting scene we have just witnessed."

The advancing column of troops from the army of Oribe now reaching Newtown, had disappeared, as also the skirmishers who retreated after the gun from the battery upon them.

The people were leaving the tops of the houses, and the midshipmen found themselves almost alone. It now struck them in what an awkward predicament they had placed themselves. The house through which they had ascended was now no doubt occupied by its inmates, and the intrusion of strangers upon their privacy would be a liberty which Blount and Cloman felt no desire to take.

"What shall we do, Harry?" said the latter, laughing. "You brought me up here, and I trust to you to take me down again."

"Well, Charley," said Blount, laughing also, "I can see no better way than following in the wake of some party."

"Bear a hand then," said Cloman. "For if you do not decide quickly we shall be the only ones up here."

"Come along," said Blount—observing a party of six or seven persons descending—"let us take those for our pilots."

"Agreed!" said Cloman, and they started to join them. They reached the steps as the last of the party descended, and following, they soon found themselves in the street, having luckily met no one on their way; the family either being out or engaged in other parts of the house than

that which was thus made the means of egress to the midshipmen.

Blount and Cloman were walking about the plaza, when a man, dressed in the garb of a sailor, accosted the latter—

"The officer of the boat, Mr. Jenkins, wishes to see you, sir," said the man, touching his hat.

"Do you know what he wants, steward?" enquired Cloman.

"The ship is going to sail in the morning, sir. I believe the first lieutenant has sent for you," replied the steward.

"To sail!" echoed Cloman. "Then there's an end to my liberty. Come along, Harry—let's go to the boat."

As they walked along, they met the stewards and servants of the officers hurrying about with baskets on their arms, hunting up provisions and preparing stores for sea.

When the midshipmen arrived at the boat, Cloman found a message from the first lieutenant, requiring his presence immediately on board, as the ship was to sail in the morning.

"You see, I have the luck of it, Harry," said Cloman discontentedly. "Hard at work ever since we have been here, and when I get permission to come on shore for a few hours, the ship sails. I wish to heavens the schooner was allowed another midshipman, I would apply for her; and then that tertullia, as you call it, I shall miss that too! Good bye, Harry! I see the boys are all in the boat," he added, grasping the other's hand. "We are bound for Rio, I expect. Drop me a few lines if you have a chance."

"Good bye," returned Blount, shaking his hand. "The next time the frigate comes this way, I hope to see you aboard often."

"I hope so too," said Cloman; "but that cursed launch is my bane. Good bye!" and he jumped into the boat.

Blount stood watching his friend for a few moments, then calling for a shore boat, he jumped in and was soon alongside of the schooner.

The same evening Blount and Stanly stood on the deck of the schooner, equipped and ready for the tertullia. Mr.

Marline had consented to look out for the watches, so as to give them both an opportunity of going on shore, and Stanly had deferred writing his letter.

They jumped into a boat and were soon at the landing. Blount in ascending the steps stumbled and liked to have fallen. A hand was extended grasping his arm, which supported him.

"Look out, massa!" said a voice which Blount at once recognized as belonging to the unfortunate soldier of the morning, "steps mighty slippery."

"Thank you," said Blount, looking up laughing. "How is your foot, my lad?"

"Golly, massa!" said the negro, "mighty bad foot—dollar can't heal."

Blount had related to Stanly the morning scene. "Why, snowball!" said Stanly, "what are you doing out here? Come a soldiering, hey!"

"No massa!" answered the negro. "Come in ship from Old Virginny—capen leave me—got no money—make me soger—almost choke me, massa!" and his voice grew husky with emotion.

"Perhaps you left the captain, Sambo?" said Stanly.

"No, so help me dad, I didn't massa!" replied the negro. "Got plenty money—what I want stay here for, massa?"

"What part of Virginia do you live in?" enquired Blount.

"Richmond, massa," replied the negro.

"Are you free?" continued Blount.

"Yes, massa," replied he.

"What's your name?" said Blount.

"Thomas Jefferson, massa," said the negro, drawing himself up as if proud of his name.

"A true Virginian, Blount, I'll swear it!" exclaimed Stanly, laughing heartily. "His name would pass him current all the world over."

"How do you like soldiering, Tom?" enquired Blount.

"No like it at all, massa," replied the negro.

"Would you like to ship aboard of a man-of-war?" said Blount.

"Like to wait on massa," replied Tom, hesitatingly, as if there was something awful in the proposition.

"But would you like to ship on board the schooner?" enquired Blount.

"On the schooner! yes, massa!" exclaimed Tom joyfully. "I know de steward—he say good times dere, not much work and plenty to eat."

"You black glutton you!" said Stanly. "Did you ever hear of Thomas Jefferson's being a gormandizer, say, tell me?"

"Massa Jeff," replied Tom with a grin, "love good grub as well as any body."

"Get out, you imp of darkness!" exclaimed Stanly, walking along the pier. "Come along, Blount, let's be going."

"I will in a moment," returned Blount. "Tom!—

"Massa!" replied Tom.

"I will speak to the captain about you," continued Blount, "and see what we can do for you. But Tom, come here close to me." Blount walked a little distance on the pier; there was no one on the pier but himself, Stanly, the negro, and a sentry at the steps. So walking back some twenty yards from the steps, Blount stopped, waving his hand for Stanly to go on, and waited until the negro came up.

"Tom!" whispered Blount, bending his head down to the negro's ear.

"Massa!" replied Tom, trembling with an undefined idea of apprehension at all these precautions.

"Do you know," said Blount, "that an officer was taken prisoner this evening?"

"Yes, massa," replied Tom—"I seed him."

"Where did they put him?" enquired Blount, eagerly.

"In de jail, massa," replied Tom.

"What do they intend to do with him?" said Blount.

"Shoot him!" replied Tom, forgetting the hitherto unfailing "massa."

Blount shuddered. "When?" he enquired.

"De day after de morrow, massa," replied Tom. "I hear sergeant say so."

"Now Tom, you can go," said Blount; "but you must not mention to any one, what I have been talking to you

about. There's a dollar for you; I will see the captain to-morrow about you."

"Thankee, massa," replied Tom, joyfully pocketing the dollar. "Me no say nothing."

Blount walked away. He could not account to himself for the impulse which had induced him to question the negro with regard to the probable fate of the young Buenos Ayrean officer.

His sympathies had been deeply enlisted by witnessing the grief of the Signorita Carrera, and the gallant bearing of the officer had won his respect and admiration. He wished to know more of both, and it was a motive of curiosity more than any thing else, which suddenly prompted him to make the enquiries he did. But now, on learning the sad fate which awaited the young officer, he shuddered and could hardly believe that such could be the intention of the government, but he immediately recollected that he had been told that the war had been carried on without quarter, or if prisoners were taken, it was likely, if strong representations were not made in their favor, that they would suffer that death in the city which they had escaped in the field. He was perplexed. He knew not what to do. He determined to make an effort to save him, but knew not what measures to take. "If I could speak Spanish," he thought to himself, "I would seek his betrothed and inform her of his danger. She must have some influence here, and she might put me in the way of doing something to aid him in his escape, and with the assistance of Tom, it might be effected. But unfortunately my tongue is tied, as much as if I were a dumb man. Who speaks Spanish? By heavens! there's Stanly! the very man! I will let him into the secret." He walked hastily forward, and in a few minutes rejoined Stanly, who sauntered along slowly, as if waiting for him to come up.

"What secrets had you and Thomas Jefferson to talk about?" enquired he, as Blount approached him.

"Secrets which I wish to confide to you," returned Blount.

"Well, what are they?" said Stanly. "They must be important, coming from such a distinguished personage"

Blount related to Stanly the probable fate which awaited the young officer. He had already recounted the skirmish of the morning and the part the officer bore in it.

"Probable!" said Stanly. "They will shoot him to a certainty. Well, Blount, what are you going to do? It would be a sin and a shame to allow that poor fellow to be shot without making an effort to rescue him, and that lovely girl's heart to be broke by witnessing his fate. I have seen her—she is a sweet girl. But what can we do, Blount? You might as well not have told me, if you cannot suggest some plan of action."

"I have none myself," said Blount. "But may not the young lady assist us in the matter with her advice? I cannot speak Spanish; suppose you call and have a talk with her this evening?"

"A good idea!" said Stanly eagerly. "I will go this moment. I will call for you and let you know what she says when I come to the Doctor's;" and the young men separated—Blount continuing on and Stanly hastily crossing over to a side street, into which he disappeared.

Blount, when he entered Doctor ———'s house, which by the description of Stanly, he had no difficulty in finding, he met that gentleman ready at the door to receive him, and was ushered into the room where he was introduced to the hostess, a pleasant, agreeable and remarkable fine looking woman.

The room was a large one, holding with comfort and ease fifty or more persons, ladies and gentlemen, who were engaged in dancing to the music of piano and guitar.

Blount, on looking around, saw his captain, and found that himself and the latter were the only persons not dancing.

Approaching, Blount accosted him—"Do you not dance, sir?"

"No," replied the captain. "I leave that for you young people. Shall I get you a partner, Mr. Blount? You must cultivate the ladies' acquaintance, that you may acquire the language. I have just been brushing up my Spanish myself. Let me introduce you to some one."

"Thank you, sir," replied Blount, "I will, after this

dance, avail myself of your offer; but can I request of you the favor of a few words in private?"

"Certainly, sir," replied captain Duncan, stepping back some distance from the dancers.

Blount related to him that he had met a negro on shore, who had represented himself as having been left by the master of a vessel, on sailing for the United States; that the negro, without money or means of support, had been thrown into jail, where he had enlisted and now was anxious to be shipped on board the schooner.

"Why did he not go to the consul," enquired captain Duncan, "when he found that the ship had sailed?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Blount. "But I presume he had hardly ever heard of one. He comes from Virginia, and no doubt was shipped for the cruise, and having his wages due, the captain left him on shore, to appropriate them to himself."

"Well," replied captain Duncan, "I will go and mention the matter to the doctor, and request him to find out the truth of the story, and if it tallies with the negro's, I will demand his discharge." And the captain walked away in search of the doctor.

Stanly at this moment entered the room. Blount caught his eye as he was paying his respects to the hostess, and beckoned to him.

"Well, what success, Stanly?" said he, observing that his air and manner were downcast.

"No success at all," replied Stanly. "It seems she had no idea of the danger in which her lover was placed, and her only solicitude was, with regard to his wounds, which by some means or other, she found out were slight. When I opened to her the true danger to which he was subjected, the shock was too great—she fainted away; so I have come back as wise as I went. We must concoct together some plan to effect his escape; for I am determined these bloody dagos shall not harm a hair of his head."

"It is truly unfortunate," said Blount. "I depended upon the lady for some suggestion—but it can't be helped—you know Doctor ——— well—do you not Stanly?"

"Yes, pretty well," replied Stanly. "I am a great favorite of his."

"Well," said Blount with eagerness, "the captain is now talking to him about the negro we met this evening. Ask the doctor as a personal favor to procure his discharge early in the morning. I have a plan in my head, and if this, the first step be successful, I shall have high hopes of carrying it through altogether."

"Well," replied Stanly, "I won't ask you what it is now, Blount, but in the morning I expect to be enlighted on the subject. So here goes, the captain has left the doctor, now it is my time," and he walked across the room. In a few seconds he returned.

"Success! Blount," said he rubbing his hands. "The doctor says he can easily get the discharge. I authorized him to pay for a substitute if he found any difficulty, and that settled the matter. He says the discharge shall be in the captain's hand by ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Come, now let us take a dance. I will introduce you to any one you please; I know every body here."

"Thank you," replied Blount. "But I prefer not—you know I do not speak the language, and I do not feel in spirits to learn it this evening. I will slip out if you'll cover my exit."

"Well," said Stanly, "if you are determined on going, I will assist you as well as I can. The dance has begun; you have a good chance now."

Blount walked softly to the door and was soon in the street. A quarter of an hour later he was on board the schooner.

There is nothing which wins the respect, admiration and sympathies of youth so much as courage. Blount had envied the young officer whom he had seen so gallantly advancing against the foe—a target for a hundred rifles. He watched the tall form, waving sword and sweeping plume as they appeared amid the flashes and smoke of the battle, and his heart beat high with emotions of admiration at the daring thus conspicuously displayed. From that moment the gallant soldier had excited an interest in his breast, which was strengthened by the open solicitude exhibited for his safety by the beautiful creature, to whom

his attention had been attracted on the top of the house. This interest had now doubly increased since he became aware of the sad fate to which the young officer was condemned.

There is a fascination to youth in danger, which arises in the pursuit of what he considers right, proper, and noble; and it is with an ardor and an intensity of thought and energy not easily checked or overcome, that he perseveres, as long as hope lasts, to carry out his ends.

Blount felt that it was a meritorious and noble act to rescue the brave young officer from the fate which awaited him. His only crime had been, that in serving his country so well, he had made himself conspicuous in the sight of the enemy and called down their vengeance upon him. It was an act of humanity—an act of which his conscience approved, and for which his father, his respected and beloved parent would praise him and be proud. This was sufficient; his life was pledged in his own mind to the good or ill success of the undertaking.

He walked the deck thinking what he should do. The discharge of the negro was secured. He thus had an ally who perhaps knew the place of confinement, the habits and individual characters of those likely to be on guard over the prisoners. He thought for awhile of attempting to bribe the negro, to endeavor to be posted over the prisoner and then assist him to escape; but his conscience rejected such a plan of action, both on account of the betrayal of trust involved in it and the danger to which the negro would necessarily be subjected. He thought then it would be best to endeavor to get his discharge and then avail himself of whatever information could be got from him. With this view he had spoken to the captain and afterwards to Stanly. Receiving the assurance from Stanly that the Doctor had spoken confidently of being successful in his efforts, he felt that he could do nothing more until he had again conferred with the negro, and from the information which might be gathered from him, form some plan of action. This was all he could do. There was but a day and a night before him, and he would have wished to employ the latter in effecting something. But the discharge seemed to him to be the only

starting point, and this had not yet been gained. "Well, I will sleep on it," he thought to himself; "perhaps after a night's rest some happy plan may come to my mind," and he descended to the steerage.

Next morning Blount watched eagerly from the deck for some evidence of the Doctor's having fulfilled his promise with regard to the discharge.

About ten o'clock he discovered a shore boat approaching the ship, and his heart beat high with hope. It came alongside and the boatman handed up to him a sealed document. He looked at the superscription and saw that it was addressed to the captain. He felt a pang of disappointment, but recollecting that perhaps it might yet be the discharge, he called a quarter-master and dispatched it to the cabin.

It was returned to him in a few moments with the seal broken, and he found it to be the discharge. He immediately went to the steerage to see Stanly.

"Well, Stanly," said Blount, "I am now ready to converse with you about our plan to effect the escape of the Buenos Ayrean officer. Come, get up, and let's have a talk on the subject."

"I'm all attention," replied Stanly, springing up from the locker on which he was reclining. "By-the-bye, has the Doctor sent off Thomas Jefferson's discharge?"

"I have it," said Blount, showing it to him; "and it is in relation to it, that I want to speak to you. You know, Tom told me he had overheard the sergeant say that the poor fellow would be shot to-morrow—so we have no time to lose. The plan I propose is this: I will go on shore, seek Tom out, he must have been already discharged from duty, and with him I will settle upon some plan of action. He knows the soldiers, and perhaps may bribe one to assist us."

"By heavens, I have it!" exclaimed Stanly, suddenly jumping up on his feet. "I have a better plan than that. You have the discharge—ten to one neither Tom, the sergeant, lieutenant or captain of his company, whoever he may be, knows anything of it. Now, suppose you see Tom, get him to volunteer, if it is not his turn, to keep watch over the prisoner. You have his discharge

dated this morning. The prisoner escapes, and Tom too. They come on board here. If they find out that the latter is here, they will demand him. We will show the discharge dated this morning; that will save him. As for the prisoner, if you once get him aboard, all Montevideo could not force the captain to give him up;—besides, the Carreras are of some consequence here among the foreign residents and the citizens, though not much known by the military, so if the poor fellow escapes, there will not be much fuss made about it."

"Capital! Stanly, capital!" exclaimed Blount. "You have a head."

"So has a goose!—not much of a compliment, Blount," returned Stanly. "But do you think the plan feasible?"

"Certainly I do," replied Blount. "I feel confident of success. Now for the shore—will you come with me?"

"No—I will save myself up for the night," said Stanly. "It won't do for both of us to be out of the schooner so much; besides I feel rather dull from being up so late last night. I came on board at one in the morning."

"Well, good day—I will be on board as soon as I can arrange matters with Tom," said Blount, ascending the ladder.

He jumped into a boat and was rowed on shore. On ascending to the top of the landing he looked around but could see nothing but a crowd of citizens. The morning drill had not yet taken place; so there were none of the squad of the previous morning on the pier but a sentry, who walked to and fro in front of the landing. He waited a few minutes, leaning against the wooden railing which ran around the pier, in hopes that Tom might make his appearance; but he came not. Looking around, he happened to cast his eyes up the street, when he saw the unmistakeable form of the negro in his tights, walking up the street with his back towards him. Blount started after and soon overtook him.

"Tom!" exclaimed Blount.

"Massa!" replied Tom.

"Follow me, Tom," continued Blount, passing by him.

"Yes, massa," returned Tom.

Blount walked towards a store where his mess was in

the habit of dealing. It was a large store, and on walking in Blount accosted the clerk, who was an Englishman:—"Mr. Johnson," said he, "I want to have a few words in private with this man." Tom stood at the door looking in. "Can you give me a place where I will not be interrupted?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk; "walk to the back part of the store—you will not be disturbed there."

Blount beckoned to Tom, who entered, and passing through a lane which was lined on either side with barrels and bales, arrived at the farther end of the store. A small window afforded some light. Here he stopped.

"Come here, Tom," said he, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, massa," said Tom, approaching him.

"I have got your discharge in my pocket, Tom," said Blount. "Now tell me, do you want to ship on board the schooner or go back to Virginia?".

"Old Virginny, massa!" exclaimed Tom, with a cry of delight, jumping up from the floor with joy. "Got old mam and dad at home—so glad at see me;" and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Blount was affected; the poor fellow's delight at the prospect of going to Virginia, brought to his mind his own home, and for a moment he felt inclined to indulge in the thoughts thus suddenly aroused; but checking the desire, he recalled himself to the present and to the prosecution of the object he had in view.

"Well, Tom, I promise you," said Blount, "that you shall go home in the first vessel that sails from the port, on one condition."

"What I do, massa," enquired the negro joyfully. "I do anything for good massa."

"I'll tell you what you must do, Tom," said Blount. "Do you know the officer I was talking to you about last night?"

"Sure I do, massa, I guard him last night," replied Tom.

"You did!" exclaimed Blount, hardly able to conceal his delight.

"Sure I did," answered Tom, confidently.

"Well Tom, will you guard him to-night?" enquired Blount.

"Massa say he got de discharge?" said Tom doubtingly.

"Yes—but suppose I had not the discharge, would you guard him to-night?" continued Blount.

"Massa sergeant say I go on twelve o'clock," answered Tom. "But massa give me discharge and I no go on."

"Now, Tom," said Blount, "listen to me: I will send you to Virginia and give you fifty dollars, if you go on guard over the prisoner, watch your chance, and bring him to me at the corner of this street."

The negro's countenance which had been animated with joy at the prospect of reaching home, fell at the announcement of this proposition.

"But dey shoot me, massa," he exclaimed starting back in terror—"dey shoot poor nigger!"

"No," said Blount, "you must come along with him too, and I will take you both on board the schooner."

"But, massa, mighty bad way," continued Tom. "'Spose dey find me out when I go, and nab me?"

"I will show them your discharge," said Blount. "They shan't hurt you, Tom—I will see to that."

"Well, massa," said Tom, hesitatingly; "you send me home—you give me fifty dollars?"

"Yes," returned Blount, "I will send you home, and put fifty dollars in your hand."

"But how, massa," said Tom, still hesitating, "you pass sentry on de bridge? He got order to let no one pass but foreign officers and men. I been dere myself."

"That can all be avoided," said Blount. "I will have a cloak ready, which I will throw over the prisoner, and a pea-jacket and a tarpaulin hat for you."

"Golly, massa," said Tom with a grin, "I ain't had no hat for a long time, I wonder how he feel?"

"Well, Tom, the hat and pea-coat shall belong to you," said Blount. "Now, what do you say? will you do what I have told you?"

"Where massa be?" enquired the negro.

"Here," replied Blount, "in front of this store. Is it a good place?"

"Dark night now, massa," said Tom. "Sentry no see in de dark—bery good place. I come here one o'clock, massa—you be here?"

"Yes," returned Blount. "Now go, Tom. Here's something for you. Buy a pipe and some tobacco in the store, light it and walk out."

"Yes, massa," said Tom, pocketing the money and walking to the front of the store.

Blount remained where he was, plunged in thought. He had first thought it a matter of considerable importance, to learn where the prisoner was incarcerated, and hoped, having obtained that knowledge, with the assistance of Tom to have effected the escape. He had expected to have incurred some risk, some danger, perhaps be forced to fight his way. But now the whole plan was changed, all violent and extraordinary measures were cast aside, and he had simply to wait until the prisoner was brought to him, and then disguising, conduct him to the boat. Everything seemed so simple, so plain, that in his mind, he could not have a doubt of success. He thought for a moment of recalling the negro and questioning him with regard to the place of the prisoner's confinement, but looking down the store he saw that he had gone, and he felt it might excite remark if he was seen with him again.

This point, of having some knowledge of the location and compartments of the prison, seemed to him now, to be one of great importance. "Suppose," he thought to himself, "Tom is not stationed immediately over the prisoner, perhaps there may be another sentry, one before the door of the officer's cell, and the other at the entrance to the prison. How could I be so forgetful? But the negro," he thought again, "did not seem to think that there would be any difficulty in the way. If there were another sentry, he would certainly have mentioned it. The prison must be at the barrack, or otherwise how could these soldiers, whose duties seem to be connected with this part of the city, have charge of him? It must be some single apartment, perhaps the one I saw with a conical roof as I came up near the barrack, with a sentry pacing in front of it. I will go out any way and take a good look at it in case of accident, then go aboard and talk to Stanly, he knows all about the city.

He walked down the store—when he reached the door

a sudden thought struck him that perhaps the clerk might give the information he required.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Johnson," said he to the clerk who was at the desk behind the counter, "what small house that is near the barracks, with a sentry always walking before it. It stands alone on the right hand side coming up from the landing?"

"That, sir," replied the clerk raising his head, "is a kind of a jail, and sometimes they use it as a lock-up house. But usually when you see a sentry there, there is some fellow to be shot. They take him away from the barracks and put him there with a sentry over him as a guard. We call that the condemned house, here. Is there a sentry there now?"

"Yes," said Blount, "I saw one as I came along."

"Well, you may depend upon it," said Mr. Johnson, "that some fellow is to be shot. They never have a sentry on any other occasion, but bar and bolt the door if they take any one up in the night for disorderly conduct."

Blount was satisfied. He walked out of the store and proceeded to the landing, where there were a number of persons collected, walking about the bridge. He placed himself in a position and took a good view of the barracks and the small jail, which he had now no doubt in his mind, contained the prisoner.

The place where he stood was about half way between the shore and the end of the bridge. To his left there was a little bay, making up a short distance into the city, enclosed between the bridge he was on and a point which jutted out some fifty yards behind him. This point was a bathing place for the inhabitants. It reached within a cable's length of the schooner as she rode at anchor. On the right, there was another and more spacious bay, semicircular, which was the harbor proper, though men-of-war vessels of small draft only, laid farther off. The land, after taking this semicircular sweep, ran past the foot of the mount to another point; so that the whole harbor might be said to be in the shape of a horse shoe, with one leg broken off near the curve, the long one ended in the point at the foot of the mount, about a mile from

the city, and the other in the bathing point about a hundred yards from the same.

The bridge on which Blount was standing extended parallel, but not so far out as the bathing point, forming between it and the peninsular a harbor for boats. Blount saw that the barracks ran a little behind and to the left of the small jail, which was the object of his attention, and he observed that the store which he had just left was in front and to the right of it, the jail affording something of a cover for one going from the latter to it.

The store was about twenty yards from the jail, and before it there was a roofed porch of shingles, supported by wooden columns.

He thought that it was the best spot that could be selected; besides, the boat might approach some distance up the bridge, and they could jump in it this side of the sentry. But looking down and seeing the number of boats below him, crowded together, he gave up the idea of bringing the boat nearer than the end of the bridge, the usual landing. The sentry could have no suspicion of him, and his companions being disguised as officers, or his own men, would not pay much attention to them. He knew too, that the Montevideans had always been particular in avoiding all difficulties with foreigners, and it was likely that a sentry at a point so much frequented by them, had been instructed not in any way to interfere or molest them.

He had done now all that he could do, his plan was laid, and he must wait until night to see the accomplishment of it. He jumped into a shore boat and was rowed to the schooner.

CHAPTER VI.

"I am here with my heavy chains,
Must I pine in my fetters here?"

THE night was calm, soft and pleasant. It was bright starlight, but darkness dwelt in the streets and about the pier. It seemed as if the starlight which came struggling through the dewy atmosphere, had encountered and been thrown back by the heavy gloom which had settled upon the city, so little did it affect the darkness of the night below. But looking above, the scene was gorgeous and beyond description.

With vibratory motion the stars undulated in the firmament, seemed to float in the blue ether, and shed liquid beams to the humid atmosphere. Here and there were magellan clouds, some dark as a misty veil, half obscured the struggling starlight which broke through their surfaces, others as snow flakes, lay along the sky motionless, and from the glassy waters of the harbor the whole heavens were reflected, mirrored in the breathing swell which rose and fell, reflecting and refracting the starlight which undulated so gently within its depths.

The schooner, like some leviathan, rested motionless upon the water and the mirrored sky. Her dark hull casting a shadow all around her, and the dim tracery of her rigging appearing like spider lines in the darkness of the night.

It was midnight when Blount and Stanly jumping into a small copper boat which was brought to the side by the quarter-master, shoved off from the schooner, and taking the oars commenced pulling on shore.

"The night favors us, Blount," said Stanly, as he leisurely dipped his oar in the water. "What, between the sky and the water, we have a double share of light here, but it seems black enough ashore as if it favored our undertaking."

"It is a lovely night, Stanly," said Blount, "but I must confess I am not in the vein to enjoy it. It indeed favors

us, but the blackest would be the most beautiful night to me now."

"And to me," said Stanly, giving away. But hist! Blount—lay on your oars a bit." Blount rested on his oar. "You have got the cloak, pea-coat, hat and cap. How shall we get them past the sentry?"

"I will wear the cloak," said Blount, "and carry the hat under it. You take the pea-coat and stuff the cap in the pocket."

"A good plan," said Stanly. "Give way; let us get on shore now."

A few minutes and they were at the landing. They hauled the boat a little on one side, so as not to block up the way to the steps, and making it fast to a pile, commenced putting on the pea-coat and cloak and concealing the hat and cap which they had brought. This being done, with the boat hook Blount hauled the stern of the boat to the steps and jumped out, he was followed by Stanly.

They passed in silence by the sentry who was walking in front of the landing, and sauntered along the bridge.

Every thing was quiet. An occasional hail from some ship and the working of the oars in the rullocks of some boat might now and then be heard, but all else was still, and the swell from the harbor as it struck the shore could be heard with a ceaseless wash for some distance around.

The midshipmen walked carelessly along until they reached the store, when leaping under the porch they both simultaneously turned around and looked in the direction of the jail.

A dim, shadowy form, or at least their fancy made them think so, walked up and down before it.

"We have come rather soon, Blount, I am afraid," whispered Stanly.

"Better soon than late," replied Blount, in the same low tone. "He said one o'clock, but I know the nature of a negro. As soon as all is quiet and he sees a good opportunity he will come. It was for that reason I wanted to get here so early."

"By heavens you are right," whispered Stanly—"I see some one coming this way. Keep close to the house."

The midshipmen drew back close to the house, their eyes straining to pierce the darkness in the direction indicated.

"There!" whispered Stanly, pointing to the guard-house, "don't you see something this side of the jail?"

"Yes," returned Blount, "I see it now. Have you your pistols and dirk ready? He seems to be coming this way."

A form now could distinctly be perceived approaching the store. Slowly and cautiously it came as if in search of something.

The midshipmen muffled themselves, their heads in particular, so that nothing white might be exposed, their collars or the bosoms of their shirts, and pressed close against the wall.

The object of their apprehensions could not now be more than six or seven yards from them. It appeared to be bending down and peering under the porch.

"Stanly," whispered Blount, bending his head down to the other's ears, "it is the sergeant. If he come under the porch we must secure him, even if we have to cut him down. Are you ready?"

Blount's hand was pressed by Stanly in token of assent, and he released his arm from the cloak.

The sergeant now was just outside of the porch, he had stopped and was looking under it. It was evident now to the midshipmen that he had discovered something—though by his hesitation, they judged that he was not aware of their presence; that he was in a state of doubt as to what the dark appearance was.

After remaining for a few seconds in his bent position peering under the porch, the sergeant rose and advanced within it, when Blount slowly and cautiously dropped the cloak from his body. "Now, Stanly," whispered he, and he suddenly swung it over the man's head. Stanly, at the same time rushing out, grasped him around the body, pinioning his arms to his side, and Blount caught him around the throat.

The sergeant taken by surprise, endeavored to cry out, but the tones of his voice were almost lost within the

cloak. Still enough noise was made, however, to make Blount fearful that he might be heard at the barracks.

"Speak to him, Stanly," said Blount, "and tell him we will drive our daggers to his heart if he makes a noise."

The sergeant appeared to be a strong man, and he struggled hard in the grasp of the midshipmen. But Blount, also, was strong for his age, and had him by the throat, whilst Stanly kept his arms pinioned.

Stanly spoke to him in Spanish, but still the man struggled, when Blount inserted his dagger through the cloak and stuck it slightly in his arm, and Stanly again speaking to him, he became quiet.

The sound of feet were now heard approaching. "We are discovered," said Stanly. "I hear some one coming. Shall I drive my dirk into this fellow?"

"Hold!" said Blount, who had his face turned in the direction of the jail—"there are two, perhaps they may be Tom and the prisoner. It is," he joyfully exclaimed. "Hold fast, Stanly, I see the glimmer of brass buttons and a form walking slowly beside them."

Blount whistled softly, the figure started and walked hastily to the porch, then a voice was heard, "massa?"

"Tom," returned Blount. "Is it all right?"

"Yes, massa," replied Tom, drawing his breath heavily. "Here de officer. But what you got dere?"

"The sergeant, Tom," said Blount. "Come here and take hold of him."

"Golly massa, no!" exclaimed the negro, jumping back in affright. The Spaniard, who kept behind Tom, seeming to perceive what was wanting, jumped before him and grasping the sergeant around the neck, said "I take Signor!"

"Come here, you scoundrel," said Blount angrily to the negro. "Do you want to be shot?"

"No, massa," replied Tom, approaching, his teeth knocking together.

"Then catch hold of the sergeant around the body," said Blount, "and keep his arms down."

"Yes, massa," replied Tom, doing what he was bid with evident reluctance.

"Speak to this fellow, now," said Blount to Stanly, "and tell him we are going to gag and bind him, and if he makes a noise threaten that you will kill him."

Stanly spoke to him. Blount put his hand under the cloak and took off the belt and other equipments of the sergeant.

"Bring him to this post, Tom," said he.

Tom backed him to the post. "Hold him tight now," said Blount, "around the body. Let me have his hands," and he lashed the sergeant's hands together, and then took several turns around the post. "Now draw the cloak off, Tom." The cloak was thrown off.

"Can you fix a gag, Stanly?" enquired Blount.

"Yes," replied Stanly; "but where shall I get one?"

"We'll have to break his sword and take the pummel;" and Blount took the sword and broke it across his knee: it made no noise.

"Soft iron that, Blount," said Stanly, taking the pummel. "We'll soon stop this fellow's jaw now. Here snowball, look in his pocket and see if he has a sweat rag."

"Yes, massa, I see one to-day," said Tom, who now had seemed to have got rid of his awe of the sergeant, and he drew a thick cotton handkerchief from the sergeant's pocket.

"That will do," said Stanly, feeling it and making it fast to the gag; "now open his mouth."

The sergeant, as if he had given up all hope of escape, and knew what was required of him, opened his mouth —the gag was put into it and made fast to the post, bringing the head close against it.

"Golly!" said the negro, who seemed now to be enjoying the turn affairs had taken, "massa, sergeant no want stock now, him head high nuff—I like to see he order arms," and he laughed.

"Silence, you black rascal," said Stanly, striking him with his fist. "Keep silence, do you hear?"

"Yes, massa," said Tom, not a whit disturbed by the blow—which lighted upon that part which is proverbially almost insensible to pain—the head.

"Speak to the officer, Stanly," said Blount, "and tell him what to do. Speak low, and do not call him an officer,

for this sergeant will blow all in the morning, and we must mystify him as much as we can."

Stanly drew the officer aside, and Blount taking the tarpaulin placed it on Tom's head. "Golly, massa!" was his ejaculation, but a "keep silence" from Blount checked and held him mute. He handed him the coat and told him to put it on.

Stanly now came up. "Give him the cloak and cap, Stanly," said Blount, "and let us go. If that fellow at the wharf tries to stop us, we must pitch him overboard or carry him off with us. You take the officer's arm."

It had been so dark that nothing of the officer whom they had rescued could be seen but the general outlines of his form. He had no hat, and but the glimmer of a few buttons were visible to Blount. He recollected him however from the slight glance he had in the morning. He was now muffled in the cloak, and had on a cap with a gold band around it, and Blount felt confident from his appearance, that unless the sentry's suspicions were aroused, that there would be no danger of detection.

"Take his arm, Stanly," said Blount, "and walk behind me. Come here Tom, and walk by me, and mind, don't you open your lips."

"No, massa," replied Tom.

There was nothing to be heard but the ceaseless wash of the waters against the shore; and Blount emerging from the porch of the store walked to the bridge with Tom beside him. He walked steadily past the sentry, (who seemed to look hard at Tom, making that worthy tremble with apprehension,) to the steps, and descending jumped into the boat—Tom followed. He heard the sentry and Stanly speaking above and he was about to rush up the steps when he heard "Buenos noches officiales" from the sentry, and a moment after Stanly and his companion appeared at the foot of the steps.

"Jump in," said Blount, "and let's get out of this."

Stanly jumped in and the officer followed. "Get out of this, you black lubber," said Stanly to Tom, who had taken an oar, "and let me pull."

"Hold! Stanly," said Blount, "let him pull. If the

sentry see us pulling the negro, he will know there is something wrong. Let the negro pull both oars."

"Right, Blount," said Stanly, "I had forgot. Here Thomas, take the oars."

Blount shoved the boat off, and Tom proved that he had been somewhere besides on dry land by the use which he made of the oars.

The night was still calm, but in the east there was a bright hazy appearance, which betokened the twilight of the moon.

"It is later than I thought," said Blount with animation, seeing the wharf left behind them. "The moon will soon be up. By-the-bye, Stanly, what were you and the sentry talking about?"

"He wanted to know," replied Stanly, "where our companions came from. He said two came ashore and now there were four. I told him that one was an officer for whom I had come on shore, and that the other was your servant; he seemed satisfied. I was rather frightened myself at first, but now we are safe; there's the schooner," and he spoke a few words in Spanish to the officer.

The prisoner had not yet spoken a word, but when Stanly addressed him, he caught his and Blount's hands and pressed them to his heart, which Blount felt beating with emotion. Blount returned the pressure. The officer made no answer to Stanly, but leaned back after this acknowledgment of gratitude in silence against the boat.

"Boat-a-hoy!" was the hail from the schooner.

"No, no," answered Blount.

A light appeared at the gangway. The boat came alongside, and jumping out, Blount helped the young officer up upon the deck and shook him warmly by the hand as if to welcome him. It was returned with redoubled pressure, and Blount saw by the light of the lantern, his fine but pale countenance, expressive of deep emotion, whilst his eyes glistened with something like tears.

"Any one on deck, quarter-master?" enquired Blount.

"No, sir," replied the quarter-master. "Mr. Marline turned in half an hour ago, sir."

"Well, drop the boat and make her fast astern," said Blount.

"Ay—aye, sir," replied the quarter-master.

"Stanly," said Blount, "take our friend below and give him my hammock. I will turn in on the lockers."

"Very well," said Stanly, speaking to the officer who again came, and taking Blount's hand, pressed it to his breast.

Blount was affected at this mark of gratitude, and with cordial and friendly warmth shook his hand.

Stanly took the officer by the arm, and they descended to the steerage.

"Tom," said Blount, when they had disappeared, "you must find a soft plank to rest on until morning. You can sleep on deck or below, as you please."

"I sleep below, massa," said Tom, "I safe there."

"Very well,' said Blount. "Quarter-master?"

"Sir," replied the quarter-master.

"Find a birth for this man," said Blount. "Look out for him quarter-master; he is a worthy fellow."

"Ay—aye, sir," replied the quarter-master, "I'll make snug till morning, sir."

Blount turned and walked aft. He could not help feeling a glow of gratification at what he had done. The young and gallant officer had been rescued from death, and a lovely girl had been saved from a misfortune which would have made life full of gloom to her, even if she had survived the first shock.

But now, that all had been accomplished, he thought to himself, what reasons should he assign to the captain, for thus interfering with the authorities on shore and bringing off a prisoner to the ship. He had informed the first lieutenant of the true state of affairs. He had been obliged to do this, that he and Stanly might be relieved from their watches, and be able to get the boat at the late hour required. Marline's sympathies had been enlisted, and he entered with spirit into the plans of the midshipmen, promising to do everything in his power to forward them.

Blount heard a step in the steerage hatch, the next moment the individual he was just thinking of, appeared and walking up caught him by the hand,

"Well, Mr. Blount," said he with an affectation of

gravity, which his manner belied, "what do you mean by bringing off these shore fellows to the schooner? Did you meet with much difficulty? are you or Stanly hurt?"

"No, sir," replied Blount, "not a scratch," and he related to Marline the whole affair.

"It was well planned and well carried out, Mr. Blount," said Marline, "but I doubt very much whether you would have succeeded any where else but here at Montevideo. You have, however, saved the poor fellow's life between you, and that of itself is sufficient. But what do you intend to do with him now, that you have him on board. It won't do to send him to Oribe, for that would be breaking our neutrality. It is bad enough to be rescuing a prisoner and bribing a sentry, but to add to the force outside the services of this dare devil, as you have informed me he is, would be taking too much upon ourselves. We will be obliged to keep both him and the negro close, or we will have the authorities off here demanding them. The sergeant and sentry at the wharf will be telling their stories, which will give them a true idea of the persons engaged in it, and the means by which the escape was effected. To-morrow morning they will know as well as we do that they are both here, and that you and Stanly brought them off."

"Here lies the difficulty, sir," said Blount. "I have been thinking, sir, whether I should make a report of the whole matter to the captain."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Marline. "I will inform the captain, but not officially. You must tell your friend to keep out of sight, down below, during the day, and the captain will not recognize him. He would be sorry indeed, if you had acted otherwise than you have done. But you must let him know nothing officially. The difficulty to my mind, is what we shall do with the young man. He can remain here, it is true, if he want's to. You had better talk with him to-morrow. By-the-bye, the darkey intends to ship, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied Blount. "I promised to have him put on board some vessel bound to the United States. He seems anxious to get home, and I had to spur him up

with that promise, to make him enter with spirit into our plans."

"Well," said Marline, "there will be no difficulty in that—there is a barque going to-morrow—you can send him in her, and the sooner you do so the better."

"I will go aboard of her in the morning, sir," said Blount, "and have a talk with the captain about him."

"It would be best to do so," said Marline. "But where have you stowed your friend?"

"In my hammock, sir," replied Blount.

"Well, you had better take a birth in the ward room," said Marline, "until you can make other arrangements for his comfort."

"Thank you, sir," said Blount—"but I have something of a fieldbed on the lockers and will be quite comfortable."

"Well, good-night," said Marline, "I must turn in," and he stept within the hatch.

The moon had now arisen, paling the golden hues of the stars, and pouring its radiance upon the waters like a shower of light. The air had grown cooler, and Blount felt fatigued with the bodily and mental exertion he had undergone. He threw himself upon the trunk of the schooner, wrapping himself up in his cloak, to pass in thought or doze away the hours until four o'clock.

It was a bright morning. Blount and Thomas Jefferson were in the boat alongside. Stanly stood at the gangway looking into the boat.

"Good-bye, massa," said Tom to Stanly, as Blount ordered the boat to shove off.

"Good-bye, snowball," said Stanly. "You must seek a birth in the militia when you get to Virginia."

The boat shoved off, and passing under the stern of the schooner, pulled in the direction of a barque, which hove to with her main topsails to the mast, seemed waiting for her about a quarter of a mile off.

Tom was clothed in a neat sailor's rig—black glossy tarpaulin, blue pea-coat and trousers, with a pair of thick shoes on his feet, and instead of a leather stock, had a black silk handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, over which the broad collar of a sailor's frock fell. His countenance was expressive of delight. His eyes, like the

white of an egg with a dark spot in the middle of them, wandered from his clothes to the barque, as if he was in doubt which to admire the most.

"Way enough!" exclaimed Blount, as he approached the barque; "look out forward for the line."

The line was caught, and the boat swung alongside. The captain of the ship stood at the gangway.

"This is the man I spoke to you this morning about, captain," said Blount.

"Let him come aboard, sir," replied the captain, "I am about to fill away."

"Good-bye, Tom," said Blount, shaking the negro's hand.

"Good-bye, massa," returned the negro, the tears falling down his cheeks; "you been mighty good to poor nigger —God will bless you, massa," and he caught hold of the man rope and stepped on the side cleets of the barque.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Blount, affected at the negro's emotion, as he shoved off; "I will see you again when I return home."

The barque filled away and stood out of the harbor.

Blount on reaching the schooner went to the steerage and saw the officer, whose name, he now learned from Stanly, was "Aguilla," sitting at the table taking his breakfast, and he thought he had never seen a finer looking man. His features were regular; fine, high, but narrow forehead, large black eyes, and a complexion which, though it was a shade dark, was pure enough for a female. His beard grew naturally, he had never shaven, and it was long, soft and silky. There was a high-toned expression in his countenance, and an ease in his manner which marked the perfect gentleman. His countenance was now a little careworn, his lips slightly pale, and he seemed to have no appetite.

"Perhaps, Stanly," suggested Blount, who was pressing him to eat, "he may have some wound, which pains him; I know that he was wounded yesterday."

Stanly spoke to him in Spanish. "He says, Blount," said Stanly, "that he has a bullet in his arm which pains him somewhat."

"Where is the doctor?" enquired Blount, jumping up

from the table. "I will go and see him," and he walked into the ward-room. The doctor was there, and Blount explaining what the matter was, he came into the steerage and accosted the young officer.

"Stanly," whispered Blount, "let's leave them alone and go on deck—I have no fancy for surgical operations. The doctor speaks Spanish, and the poor fellow will feel better alone with him."

"Agreed!" said Stanly, and they ascended to the deck. They saw the captain walking the starboard side and they crossed over to port.

"Your protegè, Mr. Blount," said the captain walking up and down, "is well on his way down the river, the barque is almost hull down."

"Yes sir," replied Blount, "she has wind and tide in her favor, and is a fast sailer, the captain told me."

"Why did not the negro want to ship?" enquired the captain.

"I don't know, sir," replied Blount. "He seemed anxious to get home. He has got enough of soldiering and sailoring both, I think."

"Yes, and he will brag of it to his dying day," said the captain.

The doctor examined the wound and extracted the ball from the arm of Aguilla. He felt relieved immediately, and the wound rapidly healed.

Although it was well known on shore, by whose assistance the prisoner had escaped, and that he was on board the schooner, yet no demand had been made on the captain, by the authorities. The matter was but little commented upon, and was soon hushed up. Aguilla remained below during the day, and at night came on deck and walked about.

The captain and all the officers who could speak Spanish, conversed frequently with him, the former particularly, seemed to be much pleased with him. From this, Blount was debarred by his ignorance of the language, though he was soon able, by learning a few words and signs, to understand him and make himself understood.

Stanly had gone on shore the morning after the escape

and informed the Signorita Carrera of it, and she had been once or twice to the schooner to see her lover.

The family of this lady, consisting of her father and uncle, though opposed to any interference on the part of Buenos Ayres in their affairs, were politically and personally attached to Oribe, and opposed to Ribiera; but they were good citizens and acknowledged Ribiera as the president, for the reason, that he had been elected by the people and was, de facto, the head of affairs. This, however, did not recommend them to the favor of Ribiera's party; they were looked upon with a jealous and distrustful eye. It was known, too, that the daughter of Signor Carrera, (the brother was a bachelor,) was affianced to a Buenos Ayrean officer, and this strengthening the suspicion entertained against him, the government regarded them as persons, who awaited but the opportunity to advance Oribe's interests in the city.

Signorita Carrera had been informed by Stanly of all the particulars of the escape of her lover, and was deeply grateful in her manner towards Blount, who could not help feeling an interest, greater than common, in two persons so warm in their gratitude, and who seemed disposed to regard him with friendly and affectionate interest. Stanly and himself accompanied her when she made her visits to the schooner, and soon had the pleasure of seeing her cheeks regain their natural rosy color, and her spirits rise from the depression which they had been laboring under when contemplating the sad fate which awaited her lover.

The captain had come to the conclusion to allow Aguilla to rejoin the army of Oribe, but under the condition that he would not serve until he was regularly exchanged, or if a Montevidean officer were prisoner, that he should request Oribe to have him sent back in his place.

These conditions were agreed to; and one evening the schooner got under way and stood out of the harbor. When she got abreast of the point which made out from the mount, she luffed and headed up the river. Towards night she came to an anchor near the shore. A boat was lowered, and Aguilla shaking hands with all the officers,

who had assembled on deck to witness his departure, jumped into the boat and was rowed on shore.

"A noble fellow!" said the captain. "I like him very much."

"And I!" re-echoed Mr. Marline. "I have never seen such a well behaved and pleasant youngster. By-the-bye, captain Duncan, do you know his rank in Oribe's army?"

"A lieutenant, I believe, Marline," replied the captain.

The boat returned; the anchor was hove up, and making sail, the schooner stood up the river. It was two days before she arrived at the point of her destination—the city of Buenos Ayres.

Crossing the bar, she entered the inner harbor and anchored about three miles below the city, but within a cable's length of the thickly wooded shore, which extended along her beam.

CHAPTER VII.

"She gazed from the balcony upon the setting sun,
Wrapt in her own sad thoughts."

One evening about an hour before sunset, a party of persons might be seen sitting in the balcony of a house which stood near the corner of one of the sides of the plaza of Buenos Ayres.

The plaza was perhaps fifty yards square, an immense church formed one side, and opposite were the gateway and porter's lodges at the entrance to the fortification which commanded the river. The third side consisted of a number of houses used as quarters for soldiers. The fourth, of dwelling houses interspersed with stores.

Around the whole plaza, with the exception of the side occupied by the church, there was a continued succession of arches and columns supporting a roof which projected out, affording a shelter from the rain and sun to passers by. In the centre of the plaza, there was a monument erected in commemoration of the victory gained over the English under Gen. Whitelocke, a large number of whom had been shot down on that spot; it was moreover the place of his surrender. The inscriptions on the monument detailed these particulars.

The house to which I allude was on the corner of the third side of the square, opposite to the right hand side of the church, and separated from it by a small street some twelve or fourteen feet in width.

The party was a family one—evidently consisting of the parents and children. The father was a white haired old man, with a bronze complexion, which betrayed his native origin. There was a placid, benevolent expression usually on his countenance, but now it seemed troubled and indicated anxiety. The mother, although the evening so calm and quiet appeared to be in unison with more tranquil feelings, betrayed in her manner a nervous apprehension and a feverish solicitude, as every now and then, she gazed upon her husband and children. The latter stood with their arms resting upon the balcony gazing into the plaza, where groups of citizens stood conversing under the long colonnades on the one side, and soldiers shouting and laughing on the other.

The young man appeared to be about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, of a tall, manly form with a handsome countenance which was flushed to the brow, and his dark eyes flashed with anger at the occasional report of fire-arms from the fort, which every now and then startled them. His sister was apparently about sixteen, fairer than Spanish maidens usually are, with dark oval eyes, and face beautiful in its contour, the blush of the rose dyed either cheek, and the beautiful lips which formed a sweet mouth, so gentle, yet so capable of being lit up in unison with the dark eyes, into an expression of life-like enthusiasm. But she too seemed to be infected with sadness and the color on her lip and cheek was faint,

evincing the trouble which shone in her mournful gaze, as she looked down into the plaza, and occasionally down the street in the opposite direction.

"Look, father!" she suddenly exclaimed, pointing down the street; "look at that foreign officer waving the red symbol of Rossas, to the mounted Gaucho who is passing him! It seems cruel and unfeeling thus to sympathise so conspicuously with one who has filled the city with woe!" and she turned sadly away.

"Ha! But look again, Manuelita!" exclaimed her brother. "See you not the blue 'kerchief, flirted in the face of the enraged horseman? A brave youth! Heaven preserve him from the consequences of his defiance so openly proclaimed!"

The object of this conversation was a young American officer, who (as a horseman, with clingling sabre and knife conspicuously displayed in his girdle rode rudely up, looking insolently and contemptuously in his face,) with a smile of scorn and disdain, drew from his pocket a red 'kerchief, which he conspicuously unfolded and waved to him. The horseman smiled, and was about to pass on, when the red 'kerchief was concealed in the young officer's breast and a blue one substituted which he flirted in the Gaucho's face, who now, black with rage, drew his sabre as if to cut him down. But the motion was arrested, as with a sneer and a mocking laugh, the officer drew a pistol and pointed it at his breast. The horseman suddenly turned, and with a scowl of disappointed rage, galloped off to the barracks.

"Run! Edward, run!" exclaimed Manuelita, who had seen the whole proceeding, "and save the brave youth! The soldiers will soon be out to apprehend him!"

Edward rushed into the house; a moment and he was in the street, addressing the young officer. "Haste! haste! Signor official!" said he in English, grasping his arm and dragging him along. "Had you a hundred lives, the soldiers would take them," and he drew him into the house and shut and barred the gate.

"How could you be so rash?" enquired Edward, as he gazed with admiration on the manly form and handsome countenance of the young officer, who appeared some-

what near his own age, "as to defy not only the Gaucho horseman, but the whole power of Rossas, by displaying the Unitarian colors?"

The young officer answered not, for at this moment a vision of beauty appeared, (and stood regarding him with sympathy and evident admiration,) such as he never had beheld before.

Edward turning around, introduced his sister. "But why, Signor," continued he, "have you so causelessly drawn upon yourself the enmity of the Federals?"

"Why!" answered the other, "I know not why! I had the handkerchiefs in my pocket and was passing quietly up the street, when the Gaucho, supposing I was a fit subject for his insolence, rode up and rudely stared me in the face. I became much excited, and apprehending an attack, drew my pistol. But seeing that his only object was insolence, I luckily thought of the handkerchief, and recollecting that they were emblems of different parties, I displayed them, and to some purpose it seems, for a blacker scowl than the fellow gave me, I never saw—but he was a coward and trembled at the pointed pistol."

"It was an unlucky thought rather," replied Edward; "but walk in Signor and partake of our evening meal. Do you think, Manuelita," turning to his sister, "any one observed us as we entered?"

"I think not," she replied. "No one was in the street, and the soldiers at the quartee could not see what was going on!"

"Then there is no danger of pursuit," said Edward. "Walk in Signor, and let me present you to my parents."

And Blount—for it was he—crossed the patio by the side of Manuelita. "How is it, Signorita," said he, "that you speak English so well? I can almost fancy myself by the side of one of my own countrywomen when I hear you talk!"

"You compliment me surely, Signor," she replied. "I speak, I am afraid, with a great deal of the Spanish accent—but I have had so little practice, no one to talk to but my brother, I was fearful that I had forgot nearly all that my uncle had taught me."

They entered a large apartment, and the parents of Edward arose and cordially greeted Blount, the father turning to the daughter and speaking in Spanish.

"My father," she said, turning to Blount, "regrets that he is not able to speak English, and says. since my mother can only speak Spanish," a blush suffused her cheeks as she spoke, "that you will have to trust to my brother and myself for entertainment."

Blount bowed, and seating himself beside her, signified thus his willingness to be entertained by her.

"Are you English, Signor?" she asked him.

"Oh! no—American," he answered.

And the old people seemed much pleased, whilst Edward jumping up caught him by the hand, exclaiming, "I thought so, Signor! I have some American blood in my own veins, and my heart warmed to you, when I saw you defy and foil the insolence of the Gaucho!" and he related to Blount, that his grandfather (his mother's father) had been an American, had fought in the revolutionary war, and afterwards had come to Buenos Ayres, where he married; and that his uncle was a merchant in Baltimore, his grandfather's native city.

This little incident—so deep is the love of nationality implanted in our breast—thawed all formality between Blount and his new acquaintances, and he was placed at once on a familiar footing; invited to become their guest when on shore and make their house his home; "that there was a room always prepared for him."

A friendship was immediately struck up between the two young men, and something more tender seemed likely to be the regard of Blount for the lovely Manuelita. But it will not do to anticipate.

The room in which they were seated was a large one, some thirty feet square, and Blount now observed, was so much like the parlors of his own country, that he wondered he had not at once detected the signs of home customs and fashions in the use and arrangement of furniture. Pier glasses, pier tables, sofas, a side-board, a centre table on which a solar lamp with ground glass shade and a boquet of flowers stood, a floor with white matting, venitian blinds to the windows, and a fire place, differed

so materially from the bare floors, scanty furniture, and the cold cheerless aspect of Spanish apartments, that it now required some effort to believe himself so far from home.

"What are you musing about?" laughingly asked Manuelita, observing how attentively he gazed all around.

"I was wondering," said he, "that I had not at once detected your American blood in the articles of furniture which adorn the room. It reminds me of home; I can hardly realize that I am in a foreign country, and if you will," he added smiling, "resume the crotchet work which I see on the table, the delusion will be complete, and I shall fancy myself in Virginia."

Manuelita took up the crotchet and commenced working. "You speak truly, Signor," she said, "when you say we cling to the comforts and furniture which our grandfather brought from America. This was his residence; and though our father at one time wished for the bare, unmatted floors, and unadorned windows to which he had been accustomed, he has long ago become contented with our more social habits of in-door life, which by making our rooms comfortable, induces us to spend more time in them. We have weaned him from the patio, and he now loves to be in the parlor. Is it not so father?" turning to him and repeating what she had said—he smiling, nodded his head—"and besides, Signor," she continued, turning to Blount, "our good uncle in America occasionally reminds us of him, by the present of a lamp," pointing to the one on the table, "or some other useful article of furniture which cannot be procured here, and I take pleasure in making all around look as much like America as I can. You must tell me if I succeed, and correct where there is a fault!"

"I see nothing to correct," said Blount, smiling, as a servant came in with a waiter and laid it on the table, "unless perhaps that beautifully chased mattee cup and long wire like bombillia, which I would be unwilling to see exchanged for the tea cup and spoon."

"Oh! I cannot give up my mattee," she laughingly replied; "and if I do not, I must use the cup and bombillia,—but I will not, as our countrywomen usually do, give it to you scalding hot. You will find it," handing

him a cup, "of a moderate temperature. So far have I Americanised it."

Blount took the cup and sucked the mattee. He had often of late used, and had become very fond of it, substituting it in the place of the tea and coffee which heretofore he had been accustomed to take.

He now had an opportunity of observing at his leisure the family who had so kindly received him. In the silence and occupation caused by the appearance of the evening repast, after his own wants had been supplied, he could mark unobserved and take a closer view of them.

The manners and looks of the father and mother seemed quiet and subdued, and even Manuelita, who now affectionately waited upon them, lost in the act the cheerfulness which a few moments before had characterized her in her conversation with him. Edward was gloomy and appeared lost in thought, with a dark frown upon his brow, which his mother regarded with nervous solicitude and his father with anxiety. "The troubles in which this unhappy country is involved," thought Blount, "must affect them, and indeed the scenes they daily witness are sufficient to make them mourn. I must exert myself and endeavor to cheer them as much as I can."

"Signor," said he turning to Edward, who looked up as he spoke, "as countrymen, you must not neglect us—but visit the little schooner to which I am attached. She is a beautiful little vessel and lays close to the shore. Perhaps the Signorita, your father and the Señora, may be induced to venture on board and spend a few hours under the stars and stripes of America?"

"Call me Edward," replied the other, "and drop the formal 'Signor.'"

"Call me Henry, then," returned Blount smiling, "and drop the formal 'Signor official.'"

"Agreed," said Edward.

"And now," continued Blount, "what shall I call the Signorita?"

"Manuelita," she quietly replied. "Our Spanish customs do not require the formality of 'Signorita' after the declaration of nationality we have made between us."

"Well then," said Blount, "Manuelita, will you, your brother and parents some day visit our little schooner, and look on the flag under which your grandfather fought?"

"Perhaps so, Henry," she replied sadly. "In these unfortunate times, we cannot say to-day, what we shall do to-morrow. But Henry," she continued, laying down the mattee cup and rising, "do you like music?—" and she caught up a guitar from the sofa and commenced tuning it.

"Very much," he replied, "and it has been so long since I heard the guitar, it will be quite a gratification to hear you play—but Manuelita can you not accompany it with your voice? You see," he added laughing, "I am accustoming myself to your name!"

"And I to thine, Henry," was the almost merry reply—"but you must not expect me to conform so much to American customs as to give you an English song. The Spanish is the language of song, and I should be afraid to venture upon one in any other language."

And with a rich, melodious voice she accompanied the guitar to one of those soft and swelling melodies, which fills the heart with sensations of delight, as it is swept along by the breathing strains of one who feels what she sings. She ended almost abruptly, and her guitar rested for a moment on her lap—then she struck the strings again with a full, strong touch, as her voice broke forth in a song of victory. It was the triumphant shout of the Spaniard, as he bore the royal standard into the thick and serried ranks of the Moor, and while wrapping its folds around him as he died, pierced by a hundred wounds, a low, wailing strain came from the lips of Manuelita, as she sung his requiem. The quivering notes trembled on the hearing of Blount some time after she had dropped the guitar, and sat sadly resting with her head upon her hand.

Blount felt it would not do to disturb her. He could not break the silence after such enthusiastic and soul-stirring strains, but he gazed with strange emotion upon her, and his heart beat audibly with the new feelings which he found agitating his whole soul.

"Ah! Henry," she mournfully exclaimed, "nothing remains of the high toned courage and chivalry of the Spaniard, but the music, the song, which awaken the feelings but to cast them down with the consciousness of our hopeless degeneracy in those qualities, which once were the attributes of all!"

"Thou sayest true!" was the startling exclamation of Edward, as he rose from his seat and stood with a wild flashing eye before her. "Some one should put a stop to the grinding tyranny which oppresses us! Some one should hurl the despot from his throne! and why not I? I, at whom their fears already point, and their malice has sought to circumvent and force to become a participator in their ferocious and relentless deeds!"

"Oh, not thou, Edward! not thou, my brother!" exclaimed Manuelita, casting her arms around his neck—"we have but thee, in the wide world to protect us! Endanger not thy life by rashness! wait calmly and trust to an all-wise Providence. Some future day, when there is a shadow of hope, I will buckle the sword to thy side!" And she turned and conversed in Spanish with her father, whilst her mother spoke in a soothing voice to Edward.

Blount felt himself de trop—but he could not tear himself away from a scene which so much interested him. He rose and grasped the young man's hand, and as Edward felt the strong grasp, he knew he had the young officer's sympathy, who so suddenly had inspired him with such strong feelings of friendly regard. Manuelita saw the act and understood it at once, and with a look of deep interest, regarded the manly and sympathizing countenance of Blount.

Their feelings had been too deeply excited for the cheerful and easy conversation in which they had indulged, to be resumed. Edward feeling this, and as the hour was late, signified his willingness to attend Blount to his room, if he felt so disposed.

Blount gladly availed himself of the opportunity, and bowing followed him, turning around to take a parting look at the lovely creature who had so deeply interested him. She sat at the table with her head upon her hand and he could not see her face. With a sigh, he followed his

conductor, and was ushered into a neat little room, whose exquisite tidiness, indicated that Manuelita, with her notions of American comfort, had metamorphosed not only the parlors, but the chambers. Another cordial grasp of the hand, and with mutual wishes for a pleasant night's rest, the young men separated.

Blount undressed and blowing out the light, threw himself upon the bed, to dream of the occurrences of the day and the acquaintances he had made, whose future life he felt was indissolubly connected with his own. He tried to analyze his feelings—but the attempt was vain. The look of interest and admiration which first greeted him on his introduction to Manuelita; the winning cheerfulness of her manner in conversation; the low breathing melody of the one song and the high enthusiasm of the other, all coursed through his mind awakening sensations heretofore dormant, but which in a few short hours had been developed in all their strength. Under the influence of such emotions, his slumbers were restless, and as the night watch would hourly call out under his window, "Life to Rossas!—Death to the Unitarians!" he would start from his couch in an agony of apprehension for the safety of Manuelita. But this nervousness wore away after awhile, and he slept soundly, soothed by visions of happiness in connection with the occurrences of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight—
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory."

THE sun had risen when Blount awoke, and performing his ablutions, dressed himself and was about to walk out into the patio, when his steps were arrested by seeing Manuelita there; he paused to observe her, all unconscious as she was of observation.

The patio is a square enclosed within almost every Spanish dwelling; the rooms being all around and opening into it. Blount's room opened into it on the side opposite the gate, and he had a fine view of the whole patio.

The sun was still near the horizon, and its rays only shone on the top of the house, leaving a cool, refreshing shade in the patio, which was very pleasant. In the centre there was a playing fountain which jetted the water in tiny streams a few feet and then fell in a broad marble basin which surrounded it. Around this, there were a number of plants and flowers, the jars in which they stood being concealed by a green lattice work, that had been placed around them, giving the fountain the appearance of playing out from the midst of this little garden, which occasionally caught upon its flowers and leaves the falling spray.

There were three or four canaries among the plants, and on the marble basin, which chirped and sung as the water fell around them. Five or six tasty seats were scattered about the patio, the twisted grape vine, the light cane and broad arm chairs. Above there was a light frame work of wood to draw the awning out upon; it was now rolled up by the side of the house.

Manuelita had just freed the canaries, and stood gathering a boquet of flowers.

Blount had arisen with his mind calm and refreshed

after his night's rest, and the impression of the fair Manuelita, though not weakened, yet not fixed with such glowing ardor upon his mind as it had been the previous night. But as he stood gazing upon her, clad in her spotless white morning wrapper, with her dark hair combed back from her brow, and her coral lips parted with a sweet smile, while she plucked the flowers; the feelings of the past night came back upon him with all their strength, and he gazed with passionate devotion upon the lovely girl, so fresh and beautiful by the tingling fountain and in the cool morning air. He entered the patio.

"Good morning, Manuelita," he said hesitatingly, emphasising the name.

She turned around—a faint blush suffusing her cheek—"good morning, Henry," she replied, "I hope you have had a pleasant night's rest."

"Certainly, a pleasant night," returned Blount; "but the watchman, with his solemn watch cry, frequently disturbed my slumbers."

"Did you understand what he said?" she enquired, gazing into his face.

"A portion only," he replied; "if I mistake not, it was 'life to Rossas, and death to the Unitarians.'"

"Yes," she replied—"that was the sense of it. But Henry, will you not take a seat?"

"Thank you, Manuelita," he replied. "But the shade is so cool and pleasant, and your birds, fountain and flowers are so charmingly awake, I must enjoy a nearer view of them and assist you in forming your boquet. We have no patios in America, and I doubt, with all your partiality for us, you would willingly yield up your treasures with the open sky above them, for our glass green houses?"

"Ah! no," she replied. "In the morning, it is my delight to attend to my pets, for such they all are, even the fountain, and give them the open air after the dews of the night; and when the sun beats down too hot, I draw the awning, set the fountain playing, and they always look fresh and beautiful. But in winter I put them in my little green house, (your room) until I can bring them in the patio again. Let me show you how I water

my flowers—" and touching a spring, a shower burst in a myriad of streams, horizontally from the fountain, and fell among the flowers.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Blount, "and as ingenious as beautiful. But where do you get the water to feed the fountain? If you use it thus lavishingly, you should have a spring to supply you."

"No—only a cistern on the top of the house," she replied, "which is seldom empty; but should it be, as it sometimes is in the dry season, I have it supplied, and use it sparingly."

The family now entered the patio, with whom Blount exchanged the morning salutations; as he shook hands with Edward, he was drawn by him a little distance from the party.

"Take a seat," said Edward, "and let us converse awhile together." Blount took a seat.

"You must know, Henry," commenced Edward, "that you have mortally offended, taunted and foiled one, who will seek revenge. You need be under no apprehension of being molested in the day time. You are a foreign officer, and that will protect you. But beware of the night—never be out after dusk, I am afraid that the Gaucho is one of the Masorca club, and they wield a fearful power in the city."

"What is the Masorca club? and of whom is it composed?" enquired Blount.

"Of the butchers of Rossas," replied the other; "men who to take the responsibility of blood from the government of Rossas, have entered the shambles, and slay and slaughter their fellow creatures. But I have not altogether answered your question," he continued calmly, but bitterly; "the word Masorca signifies an ear of corn, and it means that the members will cling to Rossas, like the grain to the cob. The club is composed of the Gaucho followers of the Gaucho Rossas, who are naturally ferocious and blood-thirsty, and of others, cringing cowards and traitors, who to avoid suspicion and save their own lives, have entered this co-partnership, and wolf-like, ceaselessly spy around to furnish victims for the knife! They are far more cruel than the Gauchos, and deem that only the

most unremitting vigilance and relentless ferocity will render them acceptable to their savage master!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Blount. "Such a fearful state of affairs I never dreamt of!"

"Aye! well may you exclaim horrible!" said Edward. "Citizen as you are of a proud Republic, where all are equal, where the law is supreme and all bow down and conform to it. But here where havoc rages in the streets, and blood flows from the doorways, there is no law! It is chained, fettered, and you know not that it exists, until its coils are around your neck, and you are dragged to the knife or the bullet; and Rossas knows nothing of this! The despairing yells and shrieks of murdered victims resound through his palace, and yet there is no redress—no law! Complain—and the Masorca club is on your trail, and the knife quivers in your heart. And would you think, Henry," he continued, rising from his seat, "that propositions have been made to me, to join this club? The ban of suspicion is out against me, and now I must wade through the shambles, or be laid in a bloody grave."

"And you!" said Blount, "what did you do to the dastard who made such a proposition to you?"

"Felled him to the ground with my clenched fist!" replied the other, "and he left with threats of vengeance, which in these terrible times, he can so easily find means of executing."

"What do you intend doing?" said Blount, with deep interest. "Are you going to submit to your fate? What steps have you taken to shelter yourself from such a danger?"

"I know not. I am a doomed man," replied Edward moodily. "If by my dagger, I could free my country from the savage despot, I should die content. But no—he is inaccessible, invisible, and sits within his trebly guarded palace, safe from impotent efforts, which I often, in the enthusiasm of the moment, imagine could be made available against him. I can remain here. I have to protect those," pointing to his family; "and when death comes—let it come—I will die in the discharge of duties which nature has imposed upon me."

"But why not seek protection under our flag?" said Blount eagerly. "Why not come with me, until your family can join you? They surely would not harm them in your absence?"

"Aye—but they would!" replied Edward. "Already has the Masorca chief marked Manuelita for his own! and base hound that he is, swore that she should suffer for her scornful rejection of his hand!"

The blood mounted to the brow of Blount as he heard this. Grasping Edward's hand in his, he wrung it convulsively,—"You have told me that your heart warmed towards me, Edward," he said, with deep feeling, "and now I say to you—that sooner than harm shall befall you or any one of your family, my corpse shall be laid by your side! I swear it."

"No! no! Henry—it must not be!" returned Edward. "Your deep sympathy in our troubles leads you too far. You are a foreigner, and must not embroil yourself in the proceedings of this government! Should I die, then indeed will I trust my parents and sister to your care—but leave me to my fate."

"I have sworn it," said Blount, calmly, "and the oath cannot be recalled. But do you apprehend an attack on the house?"

"I know not," replied Edward. "This is the 25th of May—the anniversary of our emancipation from the dominion of Spain—and I fear some great and terrible blow is to be struck. We are invited to attend a ball tonight, and it has been rumored, that unless suspected persons give countenance to the government of Rossas, by being present at this national festivity, their houses will be attacked and their families put to death. I have resolved not to leave my family. I will remain with them, and if necessary, die in defending them."

"Not so!" exclaimed Blount eagerly, as a bright thought struck him. "We will weather the blood-thirsty villains! You shall go to the ball, and I too, and yet if the house be attacked, there shall be a force here to defend it."

"How! what mean you?" said Edward surprised. "What force can I muster? I am alone and without ad-

herents. I am neither a Federal nor an Unitarian. I am a neutral—a lover of order and the law, and as such, have no one to assist me!"

"Yes! you have twenty-five able bodied men besides myself," said Blount, "who will assist you. Listen to me: I will inform our captain of your situation, (he is a noble fellow, and would come himself to assist you, if he could do so unofficially,) and request liberty for the above number of men; then I will propose it to the men to spend the night here and defend the house. The brave fellows will do it willingly. Your parent's safety is thus provided for. Now, to avoid suspicion, I will go with you and your sister to the ball. Thus will we defeat the machinations of your foes. What think you of my plan?"

"You are indeed our friend," replied Edward, embracing him. "Your plan is excellent. But see! we have attracted attention to us—my father is coming hither. I must tell them all of the plan. It will bring back to them more cheerfulness than they have enjoyed for some days;" and meeting his father, he spoke to him aloud, informing him of the proposal of Blount.

Manuelita heard him, and rushing up to Blount caught his hand, and whilst a tear fell upon it, said—"thou art indeed a friend, Henry! I thank thee for the safety of all I hold most dear! But," she continued, dropping his hand, whilst a blush dyed her neck and cheek, and her eyes glowed with a feverish lustre, "gratitude has made me transgress my notions of American propriety. You must recollect, Henry, that a Spanish nature is impulsive—more impulsive than your own."

"I cannot yield," said Blount, in a low trembling tone of voice, "to any one in the warmth and strength of my attachment both to yourself and family."

The blush, if anything, deepened upon the cheek of Manuelita at these words, and as she saw her father and mother approach Blount, grasping either hand, thank him for his assistance, her heart beat with strong emotions. She placed her hand upon it to still the throbbing pulses, and felt the warm and fervid glow of a first love, and knew that her affections were given never to be recalled She stole softly away, not so softly, however, as to be

unobserved by Blount. When she turned as she entered the house and looked back for a moment, their eyes met, and both knew they were beloved.

Blount, after receiving the thanks of the family, was summoned to the breakfast table, where the now blushing Manuelita presided. As she handed him a cup of coffee, with trembling hands and half averted face, his heart thrilled with delight. The meal was a cheerful one. All conversed—Edward interpreting for his parents.

After it was over, Blount rose, with the remark "that it would take some time to reach the schooner and prepare his men," bowed, and with a glance of affection at Manuelita, withdrew. Edward accompanied him.

"I will be here, Edward," said Blount, "by six o'clock, and the men will be dropping in, three and four at a time. If you will have some benches in the patio and draw the awning, they will be comfortable. Good day!"

"Good bye, Henry, my friend!" emphatically replied Edward, as Blount disappeared through the gateway.

CHAPTER IX.

"Awake! ye sons of Spain—awake! arise!
Lo! chivalry! your ancient goddess cries!"

BUENOS AYRES was, at the time I speak of, and is now at the present time in one of the phases of the revolution which originated in its emancipation from Spanish misrule, caused by an impolitic jealousy of the development of the growing resources of the country.

Upon the ruins of their political institutions, which never had yet obtained an established basis, a despot had arisen, and with a firm, strong hand, bore down by his

grinding tyranny all opposition; yet believing that where men existed in sullen obedience to his usurped authority, there the nucleus still remained around which the scattered remnants of party might be again brought to rally, this despot, Juan Manuel De la Rossas, determined upon a war of extermination against all who were politically or personally opposed to him.

In 1843 there had been a civil war in the country, when under two great political parties the people had arrayed themselves—the Federal and Unitarian, or Centralist parties. The theoretical principles of these parties, (never caried out by the former, which ultimately obtained the ascendency,) were to have either a central government or a league of confederation. Rossas, who advocated the latter doctrine, became chief of the party, and defeating the Unitarians or Centralists, took possession of the reins of government. The Unitarians then called in to their assistance the French, who had some cause of complaint against the government of Rossas, and had vainly sought from him indemnification and satisfaction. They sided with the Unitarians, and waged a war of a few months upon Rossas. Peace was then declared, and a prominent article of the treaty of peace, inserted by the French and subscribed to by Rossas, was that their allies, the Centralists, were not to suffer for the part they had taken in the war, but that a general and perpetual amnesty was to be granted, and their former political bias to be forgotten and not made the subject of accusaton against them.

Such was the treaty, signed by Rossas, securing the Unitarians from molestation on account of their former political opinions. It was shamefully broken; and the Masorca club, consisting of the tools and agents of Rossas, undertook the war of extermination against them for political offences apparently, but in reality, they included all who were personally opposed to Rossas.

Blount, when he got into the street, hurried down to the river, and finding one of the schooner's boats there, was carted out to it, and hoisting sail and manning the oars, started for the schooner.

The schooner laid about three miles below Buenos

Ayres, close into the shore, but with a moderate breeze on the quarter and using his oars he was soon alongside; jumping aboard he reported his return to the officer of the deck, then went to the cabin to see the captain. He was asked to walk down.

"Well, Mr. Blount," said the captain, "what brings you on board so soon? I thought you were to spend a week in the city?"

"Such is still my intention, sir," replied Blount. "I came off to consult you upon a subject of importance, and request your assistance." He then related the situation of Edward and his family; informed him of the threats which had been thrown out against the former and the dangerous position in which he stood.

"And now, Captain Duncan," continued Blount, "I would ask permission for twenty-five men to go ashore with me on liberty?"

"Certainly, sir, they can go," replied the captain. "I approve of your plan and conduct in the whole affair, and I am sorry that my position here as the representative of our government, prevents me from personally or directly assisting them; but indirectly assure them from me that they shall have all the assistance that the officers and men of the schooner can afford. Tell them, if they should be forced to flee, that my cabin is at their service, and I will convey or see them conveyed to any place on the river. Grandfather an American—an old revolutionary soldier," he muttered. "What was his name? In what part of the United States did he reside, Mr. Blount?"

"Dickson is the name, sir, and Baltimore the city in which he resided," replied Blount.

"And what is the name of the family?" continued the captain.

"Gonsalez," replied Blount, "at least I heard one of the servants address the old gentleman as Signor Gonsalez."

"Is there a fair Signorita in the case?" continued the captain smilingly.

"Yes sir," returned Blount, and he could not keep down the color he felt suffusing his cheek at the arch expression which the other's countenance had assumed.

"Well, sir," said the captain, marking his confusion,

"take care of your heart, and flaunt no more Unitarian symbols in the face of the Federals. Inform the first lieutenant that you have my permission to take twenty-five men on shore with you. Arm them with cutlasses only—pistols would be too conspicuous, and would betray their purpose."

Blount bowed and left the cabin.

"What's in the wind?" said Stanly to Blount, as he came out from the cabin. "You are soon tired with the shore, or have you come off merely to take a look at us and then return?"

"Only to take a look, Stanly, and rig myself for the ball to-night," replied Blount. "By-the-by, are any of you going to the ball? They say it is to be a grand affair."

"No," answered Stanly, "I believe not, unless our captain takes it in his head to go. But Blount, what were you and he discussing between you in the cabin? Is there any apprehension of a row among the Dagos on shore?"

"Yes," replied Blount. "You are not far wrong in your surmises, but you know, such things are common there—however, nothing unusual has occurred."

"Well Blount," said Stanly, "if my services can be useful, command them."

"Thank you," returned Blount, "but I hardly think I shall have occasion for them; but Stanly, where is the first lieutenant? I wish to speak to him."

"In the wardroom," replied Stanly.

Blount descended to the wardroom, as he entered he saw Mr. Marline.

"Well, Mr. Blount, what brings you off—have you had a pleasant time on shore?" said he.

"Quite so," returned Blount; "but sir, I am about to return, and the captain has given me permission to take twenty-five men with me. There seems to be an apprehension of danger to-night among some of my new acquaintances on shore, which I wish to alleviate, or guard against, if their fears should be realized."

"Another outbreak, I suppose, between the Federals and Centralists," replied Marline. "But the latter, poor

devils, are few and must be worsted. Well sir," he added, "you can have the men called right away. I suppose you wish them armed?"

"Yes sir," returned Blount—"with cutlasses. The captain thinks that we had better not take pistols."

"Very good; arm them with cutlasses," said Marline. "When do you go on shore?" added he.

"In a couple of hours, sir," returned Blount, and was about to retire, when he was stopped by Marline, saying:

"Mr. Blount, should you require more assistance, any of the officers or men to accompany you, I can lookout for the schooner, and they can, I have no doubt, get liberty from the captain."

"Thank you, sir," replied Blount; "I have all the force I want—I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in the matter, and will inform you, if I be in need of assistance."

"Do so," replied Marline.

Blount left the ward room, and soon the boatswain's mate was heard calling his division to quarters. From this he selected his men, and telling them to prepare to go on shore with him armed with cutlasses, he dismissed them and went to the steerage.

About five o'clock the same evening, Blount arrayed in the plain, but becoming uniform of his profession, descended the side of the schooner into the small boat, which was crowded with men, and taking his seat, ordered the boat to be shoved off.

He had hardly pulled a dozen strokes from the vessel, when he heard his name called by the captain; he rested on his oars.

"Mr. Blount," said the captain, who stood on the trunk of the schooner, "I think it will be better to keep the boat with you. We shall not want her before morning."

"Aye—aye, sir," replied Blount, and ordering his men to give way, he steered for the city.

When he came near the tuscas, (little mud hillocks under the water, thrown up from the hard clay bottom of the river by the tide and wind,) he ordered the men to cease rowing.

"My lads," said he, "I have received permission to

take you on shore with me. The captain has given you, at my request, forty-eight hours liberty. Now, I have a proposition to make you, to which you can agree or not, just as you please. You see you have just double the time given you to be on shore that you usually have—what say you to lending me a helping hand to something I wish to do to-night? Let me hear you speak?"

One of the men, an old forecastle-man by the name of Jones, touching his hat, replied—

"We have only got one word to say, sir. As you you have got us liberty, you have a right to our time; but I hope, sir, you will give us a few glasses of grog to cheer us up, and if there is any fighting to be done, we will stand by you as long as we are on shore! That's all we have got to say, sir."

"Well, my lads, are you all agreed?" asked Blount.

"Yes, sir—all agreed!" replied the men.

"Well then, give way," said Blount; "jump into the carts and meet me under the tree on the hill yonder; but avast!"—he continued—"hold water!" he said to the rowers,—"I might as well tell you now what I want with you. You all know where the plaza is—do you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jones—"where the monument stands?"

"Yes," said Blount. "Well, I want two of you at a time to pass by the right hand side of the church on the square; at the corner house opposite, you will see me standing in the balcony. Take your chance, and when you can do so unobserved by the soldiers of the barrack, in the square, enter the gate under me, which you will find open. Now, mark me, men!" he continued, "if you wish to serve me, do not touch a drop of liquor. You shall not lose by it; some other time I will make it up to you, and besides, you shall have something to keep your eyes open where you are going. Now," he added, "as soon as you get on shore, scatter yourselves and do as I have directed you as soon as possible."

"Aye—aye, sir!" was the prompt and cheerful response.

The boat struck a tusca, when the oars were ordered to be laid in, and the men jumping into the carts, which

had come out to meet them, (the boat not being able to get within fifty yards of the shore, it being so shallow,) were carted ashore.

Blount lingered a moment to give some orders to the men in the boat; directing them to keep two hands in her and the other two might go on shore, but be within hail. He also told them if any persons sought to escape from the shore to take them in the boat and carry them to the schooner, and if any one wished to stop them from receiving such persons, or sought to prevent them from returning to the schooner, to fight their way as well as they could. But if it were possible, to do as he had directed them.

The men understood him—"Aye—aye, sir!" replied the coxswain—"if one of those bloody soldiers pokes his muzzle over the gunnels of the boat, I will smash his skull. As for the other poor devils, we'll lend them a helping hand—never fear, sir."

Blount jumped into the cart and soon stood on the shore.

The streets were nearly deserted—almost all of the inhabitants having retired to their houses. Some few were sitting in their balconies, and a few might occasionally be seen hurrying by to their homes; the approach of darkness being the signal for every one to retire from the narrow streets, where they could be so easily assassinated.

But this want of the busy throng in the streets was hardly observed by Blount, as he moved along rapidly in the direction of the plaza, and even the gay laugh of the lively black eyed Signoritas on the balconies passed unheeded by him. His mind dwelt upon the scenes of the last evening and morning, and his heart glowed with the anticipation of meeting Manuelita.

Although absent but a few hours, he felt eager to see her, and realize the happy thoughts which filled his mind. It seemed to him as if he had been dreaming, so sudden was the change effected in a few short hours.

Yesterday, a perfect stranger, with his thoughts centred on the home of his childhood and every desire of happiness and pleasure associated with it—and now, every feeling was changed—his home hardly dwelt in

his memory—all his ideas, every emotion of his heart, were swallowed up in the interest he felt for Manuelita and her family.

He felt that if she were torn from him, his enjoyment in life would be gone—that the warm and fervid affection he entertained for her, could not be conquered—that henceforth their fates were linked together, and that he never could be happy unless he possessed her.

Thus musing, unconsciously he approached the plaza, and looking up saw the object of his musings in the balcony above him.

The plaza, unlike the streets, was alive with soldiers and some few citizens. The citizens were standing in small groups under the colonnades conversing together. The soldiers seemed to be in busy preparation about the barracks, which was being lit up, and a crowd of them had gathered around the monument. A few horses stood near ready saddled and bridled.

Blount, as soon as he perceived Manuelita, hastened his steps, passed the front of the church and a moment after stood under the balcony. He saw the bright glow that suffused her cheek as he lifted his cap from his head and bowed, which she returned and disappeared into the house.

Whilst he looking cautiously around, unobserved darted through the gateway into the patio.

He found Edward seated there, who as he entered, rushed forward to meet him.

"Welcome back, our protector," said Edward. "We have been waiting for you. I here and Manuelita in the balcony."

"For shame, Edward," said Manuelita, who just then entered the patio—"for shame! to tell our friend that I was guilty of such indiscretion. But Henry," she added extending her hand to him, "it is nevertheless true. There seems to be such an unusual gathering of soldiers in the plaza, that I felt alarmed and looked with eagerness and anxiety for your arrival."

Blount kissed the hand he held with a warmth which brought a blush to the cheek of Manuelita as she withdrew it.

"I observed it myself," said he. "There are two or three hundred men in the plaza. What can it mean, Edward?"

"I know not," replied Edward. "But as the ball is to be in the barracks, I suppose that has brought together a good many of them, and the others are perhaps employed in making preparations for it."

"That must be it," said Blount. "But I must now hasten to the balcony, to point out to my men where they shall enter. It is almost time they should come."

"And I will accompany you," said Edward; "but, no"—he added—"my father told me to inform him when you came. Manuelita will accompany you."

Passing through the parlor, Blount soon stood upon the balcony with Manuelita. There were chairs there upon which they seated themselves.

The evening was a murky one; an easterly wind had been prevalent through the latter portion of the day, and the atmosphere seemed to be composed of a dull, smoky mist, upon which the setting sun, now behind the houses, reflected a light red hue, throwing portions of the square into the shade, whilst other portions, at the entrance of the streets, shone with a faint and lurid glare, that contrasted strangely with the shade.

"This is a strange evening," said Blount; "so different from the clear, invigorating atmosphere which you usually possess here. There must be some great change working in the weather. This moist, heavy air, which reflects from its surface the sun without mingling with it, must foretell stormy weather."

"And yet," replied Manuelita, smiling, "the breeze which brings it comes from the sea. You can have no idea how it affects us, who are accustomed to the pure and fragrant winds from the pampas, to encounter the heavy and damp air from the ocean. 'Viente l' este,' has passed into a proverb, being an excuse for all our bad humor and discontent; so you must not be surprised, Henry, to see us moody and melancholy during its continuance. But it harmonizes with my feelings this evening," she continued mournfully;—"I would not see the glories of a setting sun displayed to us, when the heart is

sad. Look, Henry, at the crowd of soldiers around the monument! see with what a strange light they are surrounded—they look to me like demons, in the murky smoke and lurid glare of their own fierce passions which thus mantles them. But see! are not those some of the men you expect?" and she pointed in the direction of the church.

Blount looked and saw two of his men approaching towards him. He beckoned them to enter the gateway under him. The house was protected by the corner from the observation of any one at the barracks, which receded a little from the line of the square; but to the soldiers about the monument, the whole street was visible.

There was no absolute necessity for precaution in bringing the men to the house; but Blount wished to accomplish it unobserved for the reason, if it should turn out that there was no need for calling on them to protect the family, no one would know that they had been there, and thus the family would be freed from the suspicion of being ill disposed to the government, by keeping armed men in the house; and his commander also, from the apparent participation, which the presence of the men would indicate, that he had interfered in checking any of the proceedings of the government, although unacknowledged. But should there be a necessity—should the family be attacked, he knew that his commander would support him, and that Rossas could never openly recognize the existence of the lawless Masorca club, who no doubt would be the instigators or the assailants against whom he would have to defend himself.

His men now in quick succession, at an interval of a few minutes between, appeared at the opposite side of the street near the church, as he had directed them to approach the plaza.

The soldiers around the monument had occasionally observed them, but supposing them on liberty and wandering about town, as was their custom, did not regard them particularly. Blount felt assured that they had all entered without exciting suspicion.

Informing Manuelita of this, she retired from the bal-

cony, and taking another look around the plaza, a moment after he passed through the parlor and entered the patio.

Here he found his men seated upon a number of benches and chairs, which had been prepared for them. Edward had been considerate enough to send for a keg of whiskey, which was on the tap and with which they were regaling themselves. Blount smiled as he observed them, and going to the keg took it up, saying, "I am afraid, my lads, that you are indulging rather too freely, and I think it better to remove the temptation from you; but as it will be dull work for you to remain here, your grog shall be served to you every three hours, which ought to be sufficient, if you wish to be of any service to me."

The men looked at each other and smiled. "By jingo," said one,—"Mr. Blount is a keen one—howsomdever, I think we would be pretty well drunk with that keg on the bench."

"Though for the matter of that, Jim here"—turning to one of the men who was remarkable for a large mouth—"could swallow half of it himself before morning, and the keg too, if it had the hoops off; howsomdever, Mr. Blount is right. Let us keep sober to-night, and to-morrow we can get gloriously drunk."

Blount carried the keg into the house.

The patio was made very comfortable for the men. A table was set in the middle of it near the fountain, on which the servants were placing a quantity of dishes and making preparations for their supper. The awning was drawn over head to shelter them from the heavy dews, and they seemed to be very well contented. Some of them lying down on the benches, and others gathering together spinning yarns and singing snatches of songs.

Blount had gone into the parlor, where he met Signor Gonsalez and his lady. Both cordially and affectionately greeted him.

He had not been there long, when Manuelita entered the room, and, with a blushing cheek, caught the look of admiration with which he gazed upon her.

She was indeed beautiful, and the dress she wore be-

come her well. It consisted of a simple white muslin, which gave an airiness to her form that was charming; a silver necklace and bracelets of the same metal, were her only ornaments, save a few white roses tastefully arranged in her hair, contrasting beautifully with the jetty tresses, that gathered back from her brow, exposed to view the whole forehead, white as marble, beneath which her dark eyes shone with a mellow lustre, that gave evidence of a pure and noble, but withal a sad spirit.

Her parents gazed with affectionate pride upon their only daughter. The mother approached and kissed her tenderly.

"My brother will be down presently," said she, turning to Blount, and catching up her guitar she sang a few lively airs, as if to while away the time until her brother was ready to join them.

It was not long before he made his appearance, dressed in the simple black garb of a citizen, with a white vest. The latter article of dress seemed to attract the attention of his father, who with a quick and eager exclamation pointed to it, saying something in Spanish.

The mother approached him, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears, whilst Manuelita dropped her guitar and rising seized hold of his hand.

Blount was surprised at the emotion so suddenly and strangely exhibited. He saw that the father, mother and sister, were all under the influence of deep feeling, and he could not imagine what had produced it.

Manuelita, meeting his gaze of wonderment, returned to her seat beside him, whilst her parents took Edward off to a corner of the room and seemed to be expostulating with him, urging him to do something, at which he betrayed evident reluctance.

"I forgot, Henry," said Manuelita, "that you could not understand Spanish. You must be surprised at the feeling and excitement just now exhibited by us. I will explain to you the cause."

"You must know that all those in favor of the administration of Rossas assume his color—Rossas meaning red, and, as you may have observed, the young men of the city wear crimson vests. They are worn as an evidence

of their devotion to Rossas, and they have become so general that a person who is now seen without one is exposed to suspicion. This seems a trifle to you, but when you have been here longer and seen how eagerly the partisans of Rossas seize upon any evidence of disaffection to his interest, you will then find what important consequences result from such a trifle. Edward to-night attends a ball given by Rossas, and it is supposed that it will include all of his adherents. It is true that many who are suspected are invited, but their coming is understood to be the test of their fidelity to the administration, and their demeanor and dress, it is natural for us to suppose, will be rigidly scanned to see if there be evidence of any one's leaning to the party opposed to the government. You can now see, Henry, how rash it is in my brother to cast off the color that he has been accustomed to wear, and from which his allegiance to the government has heretofore been inferred. He is now classed amongst those who are suspected, and any change in his dress, will we fear, be taken as a proof of alienation from the cause. We are anxiously expostulating with him on the rashness of his proceedings, and I trust," said she, turning towards her parents, "that they have been successful, as I see that Edward has left the room."

"I have observed," said Blount, "the peculiarity of dress which you mention, but did not know the reason why it was so generally assumed. It is indeed fearful to think upon what a slight and fragile tenure the lives of the citizens depend. I am afraid that the lightness and gaiety of heart which should always accompany those who attend such festivities, will be wanting this evening."

"Yes," returned Manuelita, "you will find it to be so. The light, the gay, and the joyful will be there; but the sad, the moody, and the desponding will be beside them. The Masorca chief and his blood thirsty adherents, proud and insolent, will mingle with and cow the pale and trembling citizen. The partisans and so called statesmen of Rossas, with a supercilious consciousness of power, will look down upon the less fortunate and jealously watched opposition, who have dared at any time to obstruct the designs of their master. There will be an in-

congruous mixture not only of persons, but of hopes, of passions, and of fears, which will form a scene which you have never yet beheld, and from which I would pray Heaven to debar my own eyes witnessing. But come—Edward has returned—let us hasten and enter at once this pandemonium of human passions."

Turning around, Blount saw that Edward had returned with a crimson colored vest, and rising, whilst Manuelita affectionately bade her parents good night, he walked to the door.

Offering his arm to Manuelita, they passed into the patio, where seeing his men so comfortably spending their time, Blount called the attention of his companion to them, telling her "that they would remain and watch over her parents until their return."

A slight pressure of the arm was the answer he received.

Calling aloud to the men, he told them to be on the lookout and prepared for any emergency, also to bar the gate after him.

Blount passed under the gateway and walked into the street. The square in front of the barracks was brilliantly illuminated. The monument was covered with lanterns hung in festoons of evergreens—torches flared in the hands of soldiers gathered around it. Festoons with pendant lanterns hung also before the entrance of the barracks, from which joyous echoes of full toned instruments came, making night melodious. Crowds of the fair, decked in the light and airy costume so suitable to their climate, accompanied by officers and citizens, were seen pouring in between the lines of soldiers that stood on either side.

CHAPTER X.

"But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds."

MINGLING with the moving throng, our party passed in and entered the ball room. A large patio had been appropriated for the purpose. But there was nothing in the scene to remind one of its having been temporarily decorated for this object. A tented roof of spotless white canvass, arched a floor covered with crimson cloth; whilst draperies, consisting of the flags of all civilized nations, with their many colored tints mingled together, formed recesses and charming little boudoirs, where paintings hung.

Pendant from the middle of the tent there was an immense chandelier, the centre of innumerable other smaller chandeliers, that in concentric circles closed around it, from the full circumference of the dome, forming arches of light, which reflected from myriads of crystal drops, caught the varied colored tints of draperies, roof and floor, and flung them sparkling in rainbow hues to deck the gay festivity.

It was a joyous scene. Bright sparkling eyes and fairy forms were there; and men who sought to win a smile from ruby lips, decked in gay attire, and marked with the blood-red emblem of Rossas' sway, all sought to dream the hours away in pleasure. But the pale brow and roving eye oft marked the unquiet spirit, which lurked beneath their gaiety. Hark to the music! How merrily the silent air receives its gladsome tones! How joyously the bounding feet do chase its echoes along, and the arched canopy doth ring with the blithesome revelry. Now in the cotillion some with graceful ease glide along, unconscious of the admiration they excite, and others half coquettishly turn to catch the gaze of the passers by; their merry countenance all the while a feigned simplicity wears.

All around the room some few feet from the floor were

mirrors reproducing in perspective manifold reflections of all I have described. Over the entrance, which was nearly concealed by waving flags and fluttering pennons, the portrait of Washington was placed, tastefully festooned with the stars and stripes of our national ensign; whilst opposite, hung the portrait of Rossas, half enveloped in the panoply of Buenos Ayrean banners. Strange companionship! The patriot and the despot! But hypocrisy loves to veil itself under the purest name!

Manuelita's dark eyes flashed with joy as she gazed around at the mingling of beauty, light and color, and listened to the rich music which gave life to the gorgeous scene.

"Ah! Henry," said she with animation, "have you ever seen a ball room like this in America? See how beautifully the crimson flushes the white, and the chandeliers and drops sparkle with the prismatic colors caught from the rich blending of draperies! Look up! Did you ever see such flashing brilliancy? Now, look down! A crimson haze, light and soft, seems to rise from the floor, mellowing the sparkling light. Is it not beautiful?"

"It is, indeed," replied Blount, "and far exceeds my expectations. Such mingling of light and color, and such tasty arrangements of the banners and flags, mirrors and paintings which adorn the room, produce an effect such as I have never before witnessed."

"It is but at best a painted sepulchre enclosing in its gorgeous folds hearts and feelings dead to its magnificence," replied his companion, in a constrained voice, so different from her former animated tones that Blount involuntarily turned to gaze upon her.

"The first effect is over, Henry," she continued, observing his look of surprise. "The eye was caught by the gay scene, but the heart has no sympathy with it, and it seems false and hollow, when we look around and see so much misery mingled with the apparent mirthfulness which every one assumes to cover feelings of dread and despair."

Blount gazed around upon the scene with a searching eye and soon detected marks of constraint and forced gaiety in many men whom he had before thought giving

away to the natural feelings of their hearts. Many were dancing, some with evident pleasure, and their motions were natural and free from restraint. Others, though following the notes of the music, and laughing, and chatting, had in their eyes a vague, dreamy expression, which indicated that their thoughts were elsewhere and did not harmonize with their assumed cheerfulness. Besides, these were pale, their eyes wandered in evident anxiety around the room, and as they fell upon a group standing under the portrait of Rossas, expressed the various emotions of hatred, fear and despair.

This group was conspicuous both in dress and the haughty insolence which marked the bearing of each one of them. It consisted of some ten or twelve persons clad in crimson cloth jackets and vests which were braided with gold, whilst from sashes of the same color, that bound their waists, the broad, but richly mounted and sheathed Gaucho knife might be seen gleaming forth ready for the hand.

The principal person of this party, who stood in front exchanging words with many who passed, was a gigantic mulatto, possessing apparently immense strength, though heavy and unwieldy. His features were dull and coarse, consisting of a beetle brow, fleshy and prominent over the eyes, which were clouded grey; the mouth was large and the jaw massive; the hair coarse, black and crispy; the whole face was covered with innumerable pimples, and its expression, a mixture of ferocious insolence and haughty superiority, invested the whole man with the appearance of some ruthless demon who had come to mar the festivity. This personage was the most important one in the room, judging from the courtesy paid to him. Even fair, beautiful ladies jested with him as they passed by in the merry dance. All the men, some with low cringing bows, and others with words saluted him, affecting a familiarity, which the giant often cavalierly disregarded by some gruff expression, or sometimes acknowledged by a loud laugh and a grasp of the hand.

"Who is that mulatto?" enquired Henry of his companion; "he seems to be a man of importance here."

"Satori, chief of the Masorca club," replied Edward,

who stood behind and heard the question. "Is he not," he continued harshly, "a fit leader for a band of midnight assassins? See how the cringing crowd, bow down and reverence him! Ah! my soul sickens as I gaze upon him," and he turned his back and walked away.

"It is indeed the Masorca chief," said Manuelita, "and next to and even more than Rossas (for he is the instrument) is he feared. He wields a fearful power, and Edward's words," she looked timidly around, "had they been heard, would cost him his life. But see, he approaches us," she exclaimed with a shudder, grasping tightly Blount's arm.

"He will have to seek us then," said Blount, passing among the crowd in a direction opposite to the one taken by Satori to approach them.

There were many persons gathered around the dancers, sipping mattee and partaking of confections which were being handed, and even the dancers in the intervals of the dance indulged in the former. Among these Blount glided with Manuelita, unconscious of the observation he was exciting, and intent only upon screening his companion from the unwelcome attentions of the swarthy mulatto. He hoped that he had accomplished this, when a rough voice, lowered as much as intelligibility would allow, accosted Manuelita with the evening salutation, and turning around Blount saw Satori before him.

His precipitate retreat amongst the crowd in endeavoring to elude him had been perceived by Satori, and the sensation which he observed had been created as he thought by himself, he now saw was to be attributed to Satori's following him. Such a conspicuous character not being able to move without attracting the attention of all in the room.

"Good evening," was the salutation of Satori to Manuelita. "Will the Signorita do me the favor to dance with me?"

"Thank you," replied Manuelita, "it is not my intention to dance this evening, had it been, you would have been forestalled by my present companion."

Satori scowled upon Blount with a fierce and vindictive look, which Blount returned with eyes that flashed

with scorn, as his form dilated and his brow flushed with some overpowering emotion.

It was a scene for a painter. The gigantic mulatto's huge towering form decked in the gaudy costume of a Matador, confronting with looks of incipient jealousy and anger, the young naval officer in the neat blue uniform of his profession, who stood with heaving chest, curling lip and eye unblenching, fixed upon him.

They seemed to have attracted the observation of the whole room, and the Masorcas could be seen gliding through the throng in the direction of their chief. The music paused, and for a moment there was silence. When the loud startling report of musketry broke the stillness, and the whisper of "Manuelita," "Manuelita," passed from mouth to mouth, whilst the band struck up the national air of Buenos Ayres.

Satori, with a scowl, said to Blount, "we'll meet again, Signor officiale, when I will draw some of thy malapert blood from thee!" touching the handle of his knife.

"As you please," returned Blount—"but I soil not my hand with the blood of an assassin, such as thou art, but shouldst thou cross my path, I will shoot thee as I would a beast of the field."

Satori's frame shook with passion, and the pupils of his eyes contracted with intense rage, as he made a step and drew his knife partly from the sheath.

The rich swelling music rose upon the air, and the daughter of Rossas threw aside the folds of the flags, which adorned the entrance, and entered the room.

Satori checked himself, and turning on his heel, hastened through the crowd to meet her.

Manuelita stood transfixed with fear during this scene; but now her eyes were bent tenderly upon Blount, as in imploring tones, she spoke to him. "Away, Henry! away from hence! you have excited the rage of one who never forgives. A thousand men, without scruples of conscience, await to do his bidding, and you will be sacrificed! Perhaps even now"—and she looked fearfully around—"his myrmidons may be near you. Fly!"

"Never!" replied Blount, in deep excited tones. "My feelings have been aroused by this fierce brute, and

I will tame or conquer him, or die. Do not then think, Manuelita, that I will leave you, whom I prize with all the affection of my heart, in the power of such a man. I love you, Manuelita, with all the ardor and affection of a deep, strong nature. I tell you so now, that you may know that I never will leave you—that thy fate is mine, and I will die to serve thee."

A flush of joy dyed the cheek of Manuelita, and her eyes brightened up with a happy, glad expression which animated the whole countenance.

"Be it so, Henry," she replied. "We have known each other but a few days, but those days have been years to me in feeling, and I accept thee as my betrothed. But oh! what a charge I place upon you. I will never leave my parents and my brother, and to you I trust to protect them. Be not rash, be prudent, and excite not the fierce passions of Satori and the Masorca club. But hark! Henry, let us mingle with the throng," and she led the way through the crowd that had gathered about the entrance.

The daughter of Rossas, plain in features, head bowed down, and clad in a simple white costume, passed through the space which opened on each side for her, exchanging cordial greetings with numbers around her.

Satori approached her—passing him by with a slight bow, she waived to the band to change the music, and seated herself near a few ladies with whom she commenced conversing.

A lively waltz began, and a citizen conspicuous for his manly beauty asked her hand for the dance.

"Now mark well the change," said Manuelita to Blount, "she is the finest dancer in Buenos Ayres."

And indeed it was a transformation. The bending, bowed figure of Manuelita Rossas rose from the seat and almost awkwardly passed with her partner the space to the centre of the hall. When there the twirling waltz began, and with head erect and heaving bust, as if the music had entered her soul, and animated every fibre of her body, she chased the bounding notes with a graceful ease, which was charming to behold. Around and around on the same spot she and her partner turned, seeming to

be the very embodiment of music, as with sparkling eyes and mantling flush, they realized the poetry of motion.

"Does she not dance well?" said Manuelita.

"Beautifully," replied Blount. "I have never seen the soul-stirring effect of music more completely realized than in the change which we have just witnessed from the awkward, stooping figure, to the gay and graceful Terpsichore that I now see. But Manuelita, mark her partner! his face is flushed with the exercise, but his lip is pale and quivering with some suppressed emotion, whilst his eye wild and wandering betrays an unquiet and quaking spirit."

"He is one of the suspected," returned Manuelita with a shudder; "but he is intimate with Signorita Rossas, and that will prove his protection."

The ball went on; the brilliant chandeliers flashed over the gay festival, and sparkling like jewels of every hue, caught the rich colors and as a crown canopied the hall. The crimson haze arose among the dancers, as like fairy spirits they trod the measure to the swelling of music.

CHAPTER XI.

"In the darkness of night, amid the roar
Of elements, their groans ascend the skies.
———Now all is hushed—save where at times alone
Deep midnight listens to a distant groan."

THE night was dark—a black pall shrouds the city, and fitful gusts sweep with a low and mourning sound as if bewailing the funeral aspect which night had donned.

But see! a flash of lightning illumines the darkness—the streets are lined with soldiers—around the plaza gleaming muskets glitter in its glare. Now again all is

dark, save where the gleaming lamps shine through the windows of the barracks and the pathway of light that marked the entrance to the ball room.

The folds of draperies are cast aside, and crowding into the plaza, the gay revellers pour forth, and the lively hum of voices is borne to the ear.

The storm gathers, and now wild and unrestrained roars sweeping by. The lightning gleams, and broken up into huge masses the clouds drive through the sky. The moon in the west breaks forth from riven masses and sheds a mournful light to mingle with the red glare of the lightning's flash and the pale twinkling tiny stars that seemed to glide from the clouds and sail through the broken intervals of sky.

It was a wild and fearful night. At one moment there would be a lull, and the elements would be hushed, and the gloom black and pitchy would fall upon the city, so deep as to be almost tangible. Then the lightning would flash, lighting up the driving clouds with a lurid glare, and the winds as if released from a spell, would burst like a tornado upon the city, howling with fury as they eddied around the corners of the streets, whirled around the open plaza and swept over the houses in whirlwinds that rose and were borne aloft to add fresh impetus to the lowering clouds which drove through the sky.

But all now is hushed in silence, in dead repose, and darkness, deep and impenetrable, reigns around. The moaning wind has ceased and all is still.

A ruddy glare, and then a fierce devouring flame rises from the gloom and flares in the night air! a yell of fierce delight greets the rising flame! and cries, shrieks and groans mingling with the report of musketry, makes night hideous with a fearful din.

The storm breaks forth with startling abruptness, and gathering up the fearful cries, tosses them to the whirlwinds, and they rise like the yells of departed spirits to the lurid clouds.

The lightning gleams, and hurrying through the streets, the soldiers of Rossas are seen rushing among the gay revellers, who are scattered about the streets and in the

square, whom they stab and shoot with fierce yells of triumph.

They crowd to the doorways of every house, and beat vainly against the closed portals. No helping hand is there. They fall beneath the knife and bullet, and shrieks of despair but too surely mark their fate.

"It is a wild and stormy night," said Blount to Manuelita, as they entered the square and turned to go towards their home. "But see! what fire is that rising from the street? and what yells and groans are those? Edward," he exclaimed, "where are you?"

"Here," returned Edward from the other side of Manuelita.

"Take this," said Blount, handing him a pistol. "It has five loaded barrels. Be on the lookout, and let us hurry on towards your dwelling."

They walked fast and unobserved, it appeared, to the corner of the square. A few steps would now bring them home. When a sharp twinging pain was experienced by Blount. He felt something pass through his right arm, and he was jerked aside from Manuelita and almost dashed on the ground. Turning around, he saw, by the lightning's glare, the form of Satori, with his arm thrown around Manuelita's waist, about to bear her off.

With a shout of rage Blount rushed upon him, and drove the butt end of his pistol full against his face. The giant tottered, staggered against the corner, and Blount repeating the blow, he fell senseless to the ground.

Yells of rage broke from a number of men whom they now saw had gathered around them. They rushed upon Blount, who called aloud to Edward to stand by him. "I am here," answered Edward, and a shot from his pistol indicated his presence. Blount placed Manuelita against the house and stood in front to protect her.

With a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, he confronted the crowd. They came upon him three or four at a time. His arm was weak from loss of blood and his sword of no use, but his pistol told, and every shot brought down a man. Four barrels had been fired, and as many reports had been heard from Edward, yet still they pressed upon him. When suddenly Blount

raised his voice, and with a loud shout called upon his men.

"What ho! there Seagulls!" he cried. "Rally around your officer!"

His assailants seemed startled by the shout, and paused for a moment in their attack. When bursting forth from a gateway a few yards distant, a body of men dashed into the street, then paused, looking around as if to see which way to turn.

But "this way, my lads!" shouted by Blount, indicated where they were wanted.

They dashed into the crowd and mowed them down at every blow.

Blount seized Manuelita in his arms, and rushing to the gateway, placed her in the trembling and outstretched arms of her mother, who with her father, stood there in fearful anticipation of some horrible catastrophe having befallen them. Rushing out again Blount joined his men.

They had dispersed the crowd and were rushing madly in pursuit, when the loud voice of Blount arrested them.

"Come back, my lads!"—he cried—"come back! We are too few for the hundreds who are now prowling the streets! Come back!" he sternly repeated, as they reluctantly turned to obey. "But who is this?" he exclaimed, as he felt a heavy body fall against him.

"It is I, Henry," said the voice of Edward. "I feel faint."

Throwing his arm around him, Blount supported and led him into the patio. The men followed. Consigning his second charge to the care of his parents, Blount turned towards the men; they were all there.

"Are any of you hurt, men?" he enquired.

"A few slight scratches only, sir," was the answer from one or two of them.

"Well then, bar the gate," said Blount.

Manuelita rising from the arms of her mother who supported her, at these words rushed towards and caught him by the arm.

"Do not bar the gate, Henry," she exclaimed in ex-

cited tones. "Listen to the cries of despair, pain and anguish! Let those who choose to enter, find safety and protection here!"

"What say you, men," said Blount, "shall we throw open the gate and stand here to battle these blood thirsty assassins?"

"Yes sir," they replied, with a shout of mingled exultation and rage. "We will drive the bloody dogs from the house."

The gate was thrown open; and every now and then a poor fugitive would rush in, and look around pale with affright, at the dark forms of the men who guarded the entrance, and when they realized their security, with an exclamation of joy, fall upon their knees and pray. Some dozen men and women thus found shelter and protection.

The cries and shrieks from the streets were becoming fainter and fainter, until at last, they entirely ceased; though occasionally, in the distance, the report of musketry might be heard and a faint shout was borne to the ear.

Now closing and baring the gate, Blount ordered his men to stand prepared for an attack; and passing through the patio entered the parlor, where the family had assembled.

Edward was resting upon a lounge, with his coat off and his linen about his arms and breast dyed with blood; whilst his parents stood bending over him with looks of heart rending anguish, and Manuelita knelt by his side and with her handkerchief steeped in cologne, was bathing his forehead, and wiping the blood from his body.

"Are you much hurt, Edward?" said Blount to him.

"No," he replied faintly, raising his head and holding out his hand which Blount took and pressed in his own. "I have lost much blood—but my wound is slight. A ball has grazed my ribs; a few hours will almost make me well again. But are you not also hurt, Henry?" he enquired anxiously. "I saw you stagger when Satori grasped Manuelita, and you uttered a sharp cry of pain!"

Manuelita rose, approached Blount and touched his arm; he shuddered with pain. It was his wounded arm

She felt the saturated cloth and saw the crimson spots on her finger.

"Are you wounded, dearest Henry?" she exclaimed with a shudder. "I have been so very thoughtless as to add to your pain."

"It is only a flesh wound," said Blount, "and when bandaged will give no farther trouble."

Signor Gonsalez approached and taking off Blount's coat rolled up the sleeves—a wound was discovered of a stiletto having passed through the fleshy part of his arm. Manuelita took her handkerchief and tied around it. Blount rolling his sleeve down, resumed his coat and with a cheerful smile said—"We are lucky, Edward, in not having more serious wounds, with such odds opposed to us. Our foes have but little to boast of when such slight wounds are the only results of all their efforts. But I must go into the patio," he continued, "and prepare my men for a farther attack if any should be attempted."

"I will go with you, Henry," said Manuelita, taking his arm. "Mother will attend to Edward. I wish to speak to those who have sought shelter with us.

They passed out of the parlor into the patio. Manuelita found that none of the strangers were personally known to her, though she had seen them before. Inviting them into the house, she threw open all the rooms and did everything in her power to make them comfortable. They seemed to appreciate her kind attentions, and with many expressions of gratitude, thanked her; but their spirits were cast down and they were sad and mournful. The remembrance of the personal danger which they had escaped was now forgotten and succeeded by anxiety for the safety of relatives, friends and others, of whose fate they were uncertain. In deep anguish they remained silent or sat conversing in low whispers together. The men had offered their services to Blount, who promised to call upon them if there should be need.

Manuelita after attending to her guests, went to the parlor where she found her brother sleeping and her parents watching by him. She kissed the latter and returned to the patio.

She could not rest quiet. Her mind was wrought up to a pitch by the fearful scenes of the night, from which she could not lower it, and it was only in continued occupation she found relief from the harrowing sights that had so deeply impressed her imagination.

She saw Blount seated in the middle of the patio by her now silent fountain, with his head resting on one hand whilst the other was laid lightly on the arm of the chair. His countenance was grave, and there was an expression of deep thought in his dark grey eye, which showed he was pondering upon some subject that absorbed all his faculties.

Manuelita gazed upon him with indescribable feelings. Her whole soul expressing itself in deep and fond devotion as she bent her large dark eyes upon him. Her feelings were strange. She could hardly realize them.

Seeing but little society, she had passed her life with her parents, with no desire to join or thoughts of the world, until the precarious position of her brother aroused and forced her to the contemplation of the despotical government by which her country was ruled. Sympathy for her brother called forth the enthusiasm of her nature, and high-toned, proud feelings, arose in her heart to accomplish something to free him from danger. But the consciousness of how frail and feeble were her sex, in efforts which required the strong arm, and dauntless determination of man, softened though it did not quench these feelings;—and thenceforward she looked around in search of some one who embodied the enthusiasm, courage and disinterestedness of the ideal she had formed in her mind. Satori she regarded with feelings of disgust, which made her avoid him with an antipathy she could not repress; when she heard he sought her hand in marriage, she felt humbled at the offer, at the bare anticipation of linking her fate with such a monster. But now, as she revolved in her mind the incidents of the past few days, how changed were her feelings! A youth, a stranger, but a few years older than herself, had become all to her—had saved her life, her brother's life, protected her parents, and had declared his affection for her in the open manliness of his nature, when she urged

him to save his life! He possessed all the attributes with which she had invested her ideal, and though known but a few hours, yet circumstances in that short time had developed the great and good of his nature, which months of common intercourse could hardly have made known. She loved him. Yes! with the whole fervor of her soul—with the deep and yearning tenderness which makes woman cling to man, and caused her now to leave parents and brother, to seek the presence of him whom she had chosen for the future to guide and protect her through life.

The sailors were stretched on the benches near the arch of the gateway, sleeping with their arms beside them; whilst two of their companions walked to and fro before the gate as sentinels to watch and give the alarm.

Blount sat alone by the fountain. She stepped lightly up to him, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, spoke—

"Henry," said she, bending low and kissing his brow with a pure touch, so soft and gentle, it caused no surprise and hardly roused him from his revery; but looking up he saw in the affectionate gaze of his betrothed the pure and devoted woman, who had come to commune with him.

"Henry," she repeated, "why do you seem so sad? I have a right now to all your thoughts," she continued smiling sadly, "and have come to mingle my own with them." She drew a chair and seated herself beside him.

He took her hand and pressed it in his own. "You shall know, dearest Manuelita," he said, "the thoughts which occupied my mind. I have no secrets from you, and like yourself, had you not anticipated the act, I would have sought your sympathy as you now seek mine. We are strange beings, Manuelita," he continued abstractedly, as if communing with himself; "and so strange are the changes wrought in us by a few hours, we can hardly recognise ourselves. A short time ago, and my blood boiled with the desire to meet the assassins who have created such desolation in the city, and my mind from contemplating their acts burned with the feverish

hope of wreaking upon them the sufferings they have caused others to endure. I have been mad with thirst for their blood, and with brutal pleasure felt insane joy when I shot them. The animal was aroused in my nature, and I gloated upon the victims who fell by my hand. But now I feel oppressed—I have killed—the stain of blood is upon my brow, and like Cain, I feel the burning mark scorching my brain;" he raised his eyes to Manuelita and looked into her face.

She saw that the pupils of his eyes were dry and sparkling with fever, whilst his hand parched and hot almost burned her own.

"You have a burning fever, dearest Henry!" she exclaimed. "Come into the house and I will give you something to check it. Come—your wound must be inflamed and painful—let me renew the bandage and apply something to it. You want rest and must seek your couch."

"No, Manuelita," he replied—"here I must remain until the dawn. I am not well, it is true; but it is the fever of the mind and not the body that scorches me. Talk to me dearest," and he arose and kissed her, "and I shall feel better, the burning fire of my thoughts will leave me, quenched by your presence and sympathy."

"Well, I will do as you wish," she replied with almost a cheerful smile. "But dearest Henry, you must not allow your thoughts to take such a gloomy turn, but tell me something of the brave men, who saved us this evening and who now guard us. A sailor hereafter will always be associated in my mind with all that is brave and generous. Tell me something of them, Henry; I should like to hear from you their habits, mode of life, and all that will make me well acquainted with them." With a bright smile she looked into his face.

"What can I tell you about them, dearest Manuelita," he replied almost gaily—"but that they are rude in manner, but possess noble and generous hearts; that they are as simple as children, and have to be treated as such; and that they are brave and act wholly from impulse. A sailor is a strange anomaly. Gay and frolicsome on shore, but on board ship assuming a gravity of demeanor, which

they deem essential to prove the knowledge they have of their duties. You see them sleeping around you; call upon and tell them to enter the streets and attack the myrmidons of Rossas, they will obey you, though they know that death would inevitably follow. Ask them to perform any favor for one of your sex, and you will find their hands ready and their hearts willing to serve you. Such are they; brave and generous, rash and impulsive, and with hearts easily excited by the woes of others. But hark! do you not hear the sound of men approaching in the street? What is it men?" he exclaimed, as a loud voice was heard at the gate which shook with the blow of some heavy substance having been dashed against it. "Rouse up, my lads!" he shouted, "Rouse up!"

They sprung to their feet with cutlasses ready in their hands.

"Go into the house, dearest Manuelita," said Blount. "This is the attack we apprehended—but when they know our force, I hardly think they will dare venture upon us."

"I will go, Henry," she replied; "but expose not yourself unnecessarily—remember that there will be one trembling heart, quaking with dread until I see you again; be careful then, and act not rashly."

"I will," replied Blount, "but now enter the house. I must parley with these men, and see what they want" —going to the gate he ordered the small window which was cut in it to be opened, and through it looked out and saw a crowd of men gathered around the gate, a portion of whom had a large beam, which they were about to launch against it.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he enquired in the best Spanish he could muster.

Loud shouts of "Americano, Americano," was the only answer, then there was a flash and a report, and Blount heard a bullet whiz past him.

He leaped from the window and shut it—"Is any one hurt?" he enquired.

"No sir, I believe not," answered one of the men; "the bullet went over head and struck the house."

"Be ready now, men," said Blount, "for a desperate struggle. There are some forty or fifty of those bloodhounds outside and they want to get in. Are you ready for them?"

"Aye—ready and waiting, sir," was the answer.

"Throw open the gate, Mr. Blount," said Jones. "They will knock it down soon, and we will drive these dogs with trailing tails to their kennels."

"Be it so then," said Blount. "Throw open the gates! Now men, stand by for a rush," he continued in the calm tones of suppressed excitement. "Have at them!" he shouted, as the gates were thrown open, exposing to view their foes on the outside, and with his men he dashed in their midst.

It was a fearful struggle. The sailors with loud shouts bore down every thing before them. Now in the midst of the crowd, striking right and left with resistless fury —now on the outside, having pierced through it, and turning dashing into it again with increased impetus, Blount lead his men, but his blows were awkward and weak, (he struck with his left hand) and only staggered those on whom they fell. But his men bore him along, until he stood confronted with the towering form of Satori, who with a handkerchief tied around his mouth, glared upon him with a malignant scowl as he shouted with ferocious joy—"Ah Signor officiale, I have thee now!" he drew a knife from his girdle, throwing away the sword he had been using, and advanced towards him.

"Take that! you damned lubberly brute!" shouted Jones, who had rushed before Blount, dealing the giant a blow which would have felled an ox. Satori fell to the ground. "Ah! I have brought down the biggest of them!" shouted Jones. "Have at the rest, my lads! we will soon clear the streets."

This was now easily done; seeing Satori fall, they fled on all sides. "No pursuit, men," shouted Blount as a bullet fired by one of the retreating foes struck him in the breast, and hurled him to the ground. His men bore him into the patio and closed the gates.

But reader, let us forth into the streets and witness scenes which are no offspring of the imagination, but facts resulting from the merciless massacre of that ever memorable night—the twenty-fifth of May, 1842.

See, yon crouching forms huddling together against the door ways! Tones of agony break from their quivering lips! They are wounded. In vain do they strive to stem the gushing torrents that pour from their veins. They fall, one by one, with a hollow groan to the pavement. They die.

See yon yellow smoky blaze that flares up in the darkness of night. Shudder not; it is naught that lives—the fierce element has quenched the spark of life! A black disfigured mass, gory and with the entrails trailing on the ground, hisses in a stream of liquid fire! It is a shapeless mass! The mother that bore him could not now recognise her child. Wounded to death the yet quivering body of the sufferer had been cast into a blazing tar barrel—a fearful signal for the murderers to commence their work. In the fierceness of his anguish he had overthrown it, and now an undistinguishable lump of mortality, he rests free from suffering in the liquid blaze that curls round and plays upon his body.

But hark! There is a moan of anguish! It comes from yonder house! Let us enter. Upon a table of dark shining mahogany a tall form lies. Torn from the table a cloth had been applied to staunch his wounds, but in vain the trembling hands of his wife sought with it to check the blood. Now wet and gory it swathes his corpse, and she, his partner, his wife—she casts the cloth from his brow and with a hand on each cheek, she gazes long and wistfully upon the pale, cold face. The fixed and stony aspect of despair is impressed upon her countenance, and she stands as pale and as motionless as the corpse of her murdered husband, her very soul frozen with horror. Gaze on poor wife! Trace each remembered lineament —dwell on each beloved feature—treasure in thy memory the whole, for soon the worm will feed upon the form of him, whom thou lovedst so well!

The night lamp threw its yellow flickering rays over

the countenance of the living and the dead, and ghastly and pallid were their hues. A fond smile, like a tone of music that has wandered from its source, played around the lips of the dead, as if the trembling soul, when it tottered on the precipice of life, had caught the fond, yearning look of his wife, and had bathed his spirit in the gush of gratitude and joy that poured from his heart. It hung there a fleeting monument of affection to the aching heart of her who statute-like, gazed upon the corpse.

But come, let us go; with our gay thoughts and happy feelings steeped in sadness, let us forth. How delightfully soft and cool is the night air! What delicious freshness it brings to the feverish brow. It wanders, like a playful spirit over the countenance, quenching with its dew-like touch the burning ardor of throbbing pulses. A soft and delicious languor steals over the spirit. Night is no longer the same. Her robe of gloom has been cleft by the winds, and the clouds float shadowy and indistinct through the sky. The stars have flung their beams to the humid air, and the moon pours a rich flood of softly saddened light over the gloom of creation.

Hark! methinks I hear the sounds of music. Light fairy forms flit before my gaze, bounding to a sea of joyous tones, that breathe melodiously over the scene. Two forms twirl in the graceful waltz, and all crowd around to behold them. With heads erect and flashing eyes, they dance as if the music had entered their souls, and swept them irresistibly around with the swelling notes. And now—one hails the breaking dawn from her couch, with the enjoyment of the past night fresh upon her memory; the other, lies a gory, headless trunk in the streets, and the head hangs from a butcher's stall in the market place!

But let us have done with such scenes. My soul sickens as I endeavor to portray them.

Human feelings and human sympathies with the electric chain of association, binds us pitying to the contemplation of each other's woes. Let then the broad spirit of benevolence and pity mingle with the griefs of the widowed wife, the childless parents, and as a sequence

of such feelings, let detestation and abhorrence, as a withering simoon, be wafted to the heart of Rossas—as a gory phantom, let him dwell in the thoughts of posterity, a plague spot on the fair and open bosom of virtue, innocence and honor.

CHAPTER XII.

"The happy hours glide swiftly by."

'Tis morn. High in the heavens the orb of day has marched on its western tour, dispensing light to millions and cherishing with its warmth, the teeming earth, that looked so bright and beautiful in its sunny rays. Nature no longer sleeps colorless in the darkness of night, but bursting forth as the light of day broke upon her slumbers, a thousand varied hues now deck her mantle.

The morning breeze, so cool and fresh, hails the morning sun, and forth over the smiling aspect of nature gaily wanders, inhaling the sweet fragrance of the lowly plants that meekly shed their perfumes to mingle in the joyousness of the welcome.

Upon a couch rested the form of Blount. His face was pale, had a wan expression upon it, which showed he had been suffering and was now weak and feeble. A surgeon in the uniform of the American navy sat beside him feeling his pulse.

"The fever has left you, and with it the inflammation of your wounds," said he. "A few days' quiet and good nursing will make you all right again. I suppose you have no objection to remaining here during your convalescence?" he continued smiling. "With such comfortable quarters and such a fair nurse, I would not complain

at being in your situation myself. By the by, Blount, you had a hard fight on the night of the 25th; one half of your men were wounded. I thought I should lose two or three of them—but I carried them through and now they are doing as well as you are."

"I am glad of it," replied Blount—"I should have grieved much if any of the brave fellows had been killed. But Doctor what day of the month is it?"

"The 31st," was the answer.

"So long," said Blount. "Then indeed I must have been ill. How is Edward Gonsalez?" he continued. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "He is walking about."

"And what"—continued Blount, as the occurrence of the past rushed to his memory—"has been done with regard to the assassinations of the twenty-fifth? Do they still continue?"

"You must not speak so much," said the Doctor interrupting him and placing his hand before his mouth. "I will tell you all the news without your asking a question. In the first place, the assassinations of the twenty-fifth gave the Masorca club such a supreme idea of their power and prowess (by the by they had little to boast of Blount in the latter quality where you were concerned,) that their conduct became unbearable even to the Federals. Having murdered a few miserable wretches in the street, they arrogated to themselves an authority which conflicted with the sway of Rossas. He wanted instruments not masters."

"You know that the so called Congress," continued the Doctor, "is now sitting—well the first intimation of the ferocious desire for blood caused by the massacre of the twenty-fifth was made known the next day by a Masorca proposing to Congress to disarm all the foreigners in the country. It was hailed with loud shouts of applause. One or two of the immediate friends of Rossas seeing, that if a stop were not put to such excesses, the government would be embroiled with every civilized nation in the world, hurried out to Rossas' kinta, where they met the British Minister, who also had come to make complaints of the Masorca club. It seemed they had

threatened to cut her Britannic Majesty's Minister's throat, unless he shaved his whiskers off under the chin, which to their prurient imaginations formed an U, the initial of Unitarian, and they would cut his head off to demolish the offensive letter. It was an alarming state of things. Rossas felt his power tottering, and saw that unless he checked at once and quelled by the strong hand, the base passions he had excited, his authority would be lost; so without hesitation, he rode with his guards to the place where Congress had assembled and *ordered* the proposition 'to disarm foreigners' to be rejected. Then in a short speech he expressed his surprise at hearing that excesses of a grave character had been committed during the past night. He bewailed the evil that had been done, and assured Congress every means should be put in requisition, to detect the offenders, and that they should suffer the full rigor of the law. He has ordered guards to be stationed throughout the city, and it is now and has been, for the last week as quiet as a quaker meeting."

"And Satori—what has become of him? Is he dead?" enquired Blount.

"No," replied the Doctor; "though he should have been. The men told me Jones struck him hard enough to have killed a bull, and I believe you also left your mark on him. He is recovering, however, and is said to be in disgrace with Rossas—but that is all for effect. Such an unprincipled agent is too useful to be cast aside; he is no doubt, secretly favored, though publicly in disgrace with Rossas."

"So much for the city," continued the Doctor. "Now for our own little news bag. The schooner sails to-morrow for Montevideo; on her return the captain expects you will be well enough to come on board; she will be absent about a month. In the meantime you must submit to my orders, which are: That you are for two weeks to confine yourself to the house and patio; that you must not excite yourself in any way; and that you are only to partake of the diet, with regard to which I will leave you a memoranda."

"Thank you, Doctor," replied Blount cheerfully. "I

will obey your orders. Tell the captain that when he returns, I shall be able to resume my duties."

"Attend to the diet and do not excite yourself," said the Doctor with an arch smile, "and you will be well—but I had almost forgot"—he continued—"the captain told me to express to you his approbation and admiration of the manner in which you acted in fighting so courageously and successfully against such odds. The men are full of your praises, and the wardroom and steerage jealous of you, and make loud complaints that you did not inform them and thus give them an opportunity of sharing your danger. They nevertheless desire your recovery," added the Doctor, smiling, "and say the old schooner will not be the same to them until you return on board."

Blount's heart swelled with emotion at the praise of his captain and the affectionate and considerate regard of Stanly and his brother officers, so different from the harsh judgment and prejudiced interpretation put upon his acts by the officers of the frigate. He caught the Doctor's hand and pressed it in silence.

"No excitement, my dear boy," said the Doctor, "you must be calm. Do you know that all the officers of the schooner have been to see you, the captain included?" Blount looked with surprise at him. "You must know," he continued, "that a week has passed since you were wounded, and that you have been unconscious during that time. But I must leave you; I have already talked too much. Take care of yourself. Good bye." He shook his hand. "I am, like the rest of your shipmates, deeply interested in your recovery, and hope on our return to see you well." He left the apartment.

A few moments after Blount heard the soft rustling of garments, and Manuelita glided gently into the room and kissed his pale brow.

"Dearest Henry," she enquired, "has the fever left you? Do you feel better? What does the Doctor say?"

Blount took her hand, pressed it to his breast, and smiling, replied—"He says, dear Manuelita, that these comfortable quarters and the careful nursing I will be likely to meet with here, will do much, but to make re-

covery sure, he restricted me to the bounds of the patio and the house."

"You shall have careful nursing," replied Manuelita, "but you are to yield implicit obedience to the nurse, and now she tells you, that you must be fatigued by your conversation with the Doctor and require rest. No reply," she continued, placing her hand on his mouth, as he was about to remonstrate, "but obey me in silence."

He felt his eyelids were heavy with the exertion he had made, and closed his eyes, but every now and then he would open them to look upon his fair nurse, as she sat by the bed side or glided softly about the room arranging the various medicines convenient for use. With this object in his mind's eye, and the faint rustling as she moved, he realized her presence and sunk into a gentle slumber, such as he had not enjoyed since his illness.

Manuelita watched him as a mother might watch her child, with a yearning solicitude and a deep abiding affection. His weakness and prostration endeared him to her heart more than strength or health could do, for he was now entirely dependent upon her, and called forth by his situation all those endearing sympathies and unselfish attentions with which a woman loves to surround the sick couch of man.

A week had elapsed; when one evening, the weather being unusually cool, the family had gathered together in the parlor. Blount was there seated in a large cushioned chair, before a cheerful, crackling wood fire, whose grateful warmth was felt throughout the room. A faint color was in his cheek and he looked delicate—but with the beauty of convalescence, when the mind loves to linger lightly and gently upon the soothing thoughts caused by outward and passing impressions, the features had relaxed and expressed a gentle facility of change, so different from the stern expression of health, that Manuelita thought him handsomer than she had ever seen him, and could almost wish him always thus reduced to the necessity of looking to her for comfort and amusement. She sat upon an ottoman at his feet engaged in sewing.

Edward was seated on one side of the fire place peru-

sing a paper, and looked cheerful and happy. His parents sat beside him; his mother knitting, and his father gazing abstractedly into the bright blaze which curled and roared in the fire-place.

Every one seemed happy and contented, and a stranger looking around would have pronounced it a scene of fireside comfort, so home like and cheering, that it would require some great calamity to interrupt it.

There was no light in the room, for the cheerful blaze threw its rembrant rays to the farther part of the parlor and enlivened the fireside with a ruddy glare which made every thing and every one clearly visible.

"This is indeed like home," whispered Blount to Manuelita. "To have thee sitting beside, and the bright crackling flame before me throwing out such grateful warmth, and your father, mother and brother, whom I already love with grateful affection, causes my heart to glow with feelings of unalloyed happiness, such as I have never before experienced. My father alone is wanting; Ah! Manuelita, how happy shall I be when I see you pressed to the noble heart of my father; he is one to appreciate your generous, affectionate nature. I have no sister, and he will warmly welcome you to the daughter's vacant place in his heart."

"I doubt it not, dearest Henry," replied Manuelita, looking up with a warm smile into his face. "Had you numerous relations, I should love them all for your sake. Your father I shall love for his own; he will never find me wanting in the affection and dutiful regard of a daughter."

"I know it, dearest," said Blount, gazing affectionately upon her.

"Well, Harry," exclaimed Edward, "I see our gracious master has become merciful. He has issued a manifesto, declaring that henceforth no one is to suffer for his political opinions; that Federalists and Unitarians are now fused into the one appellation of Buenos Ayrean. He has learned a lesson from the lawless and barbarous acts he instigated, which he found difficulty in restraining, and deems it his best policy to put the laws in force and refer all offences to them. A wise re-

solution even for Rossas. He can cause to be enacted any law he pleases, and thus power is legally thrown in his hands which will firmly fix him in the government. Let him be wise, govern well, and the trodden down and crushed spirits of the people, will never be able to rise and regain the ascendency during his life time."

"To a wise, firm tyrant, rather than a good natured fool," said Blount, "I would entrust my political and personal rights; and Rossas, I believe to be the former. He is now conscious of his error in permitting the late cruel and blood thirsty proceedings, and I believe that in future he will seek to govern by the law, trusting to the prestige which his name has acquired by the horrible and unrelenting butchery of personal and political opponents, to quench any spirit of rebellion against his administration. He will hardly delegate his authority to another Masorca club, but hold on to the reins of government himself and act through the law and not through unacknowledged agents. He will thus appear just and equitable to foreign nations, and by the control he has of the public press, will govern, use it for his own purposes, and conceal the means by which he overawes Congress, and how through it he reigns supreme.

"True, Henry," exclaimed Signor Gonsalez, for Blount had now learned a little Spanish and could understand and be understood. "True, our history since our emancipation from the Spanish yoke has been a strange one. I can compare it only to the history of the Italian republics and petty monarchies, with this remarkable difference; that a few individuals alone have caused the dissensions which reign in this province, as well as through all the Spanish South American colonies, and I hope some day we shall be freed from these ambitious individuals and their personal contentions for power, and be able to establish a firm basis whereon to rear a superstructure, like the constitution of your own free and powerful republic; whereas for ages Italy has been the theatre of a turmoil which jealousy and the separate interest of distinct governments have created. This has made them weak and caused them to call in the powerful European monarchies to assist them in their senseless and ruinous wars with

each other. It has been the policy of Europe to foster these dissensions and wars; keep the country divided into petty principalities, so as easily to govern thus separate the parts, which if united under one government would prove powerful and perhaps dangerously conflict with their thirst for dominion and conquest. Such antagonistical principles in the parts, carefully fostered by surrounding governments, will always prevent Italy from uniting and becoming one nation. Their destiny has been accomplished. She stood centuries ago, a flourishing empire, among hordes of barbarians, who now gaze down upon her rotten and scattered institutions, with the remnants of political freedom lingering around and clinging to them, with contemptuous scorn. They too now stand in the position of Italy to the free and flourishing republic of the United States, which blooms so auspiciously on the soil of this Western continent. But even the United States, Henry, had to pass through many phases to arrive at the proud pre-eminence which she now enjoys. The contentions of Charles with his parliament, the sway of Cromwell, the revolution, flight of James, accession of William and Mary, together with your own revolution, was requisite to prepare them for appreciation of the freedom they now enjoy. Spain on the contrary, for centuries has slept quietly under the form of government which she originally possessed previous to the French revolution, and this system was developed in its worst and most pernicious forms in its application to these distant colonies. The appointment of viceroys and other high functionaries, clothed with regal authority, imposed upon us various burdens and exactions, more grinding and weighty the farther we were removed from the direct government of the throne. In this situation our revolution found us—apathetic, with energies cramped, and minds unused to the contemplation of political freedom. Can you wonder then, that we have as yet failed to gather up and form out of the disorganized materials some basis on which to build our political freedom? No: we are in one of the phases of revolution. It goes on; we will pass through the fire of purification, and one day will realize our freedom, by the formation of such a

constitution as that which binds together the different States of your own country. 'E Pluribus Unum' will be our motto as well as yours. Rossas, with a firm strong hand, will keep down dissensions and reign a despot—but brighter days are coming, (you will see them, Edward, but I shall be in my grave,) when the whole Southern continent will be united under one government, and will be styled 'The United States of South America,' after the manner of her sister republic in the North."

"I concur in the views you express, sir," replied Blount, "and fully recognise the truth and importance of the broad line of demarkation, you draw between the renovation of old and the establishment of new institutions. In the history of the past, we find that every form of government has been successively adopted, and when found incompetent to fulfil the wants of the governed has been overturned and affairs and things reverted to their original state—a state of chaotic confusion in which great excesses were committed and where the human mind, more prone to theory than practice, originated and promulgated utopian plans which instead of aiding, defeated every organized effort to arise from the disorder and ruins. The effort to establish an order of affairs which would secure to every man a greater share of political and personal freedom than could be done by vain chimerical ideas, that never could be realized, was thus defeated. Had the government been a republican one, these latitudinarian principles on the one side and sound practical views on the other, soon assumed a monarchical tendency, and in the end became fused and established an order of things which partook of the views of neither one nor the other. Had the government been monarchical, it became despotical, and he who surmounted the storm of events was borne upwards to the despot's throne. Revolution is the abolition of all law, and it would seem, that such being the case, society should commence anew, upon equal basis and proceed to build cautiously and firmly their political edifice. To do this and secure ready and cheerful co-operation in all, the agrarian principle should be carried out, division of property be made, and men revert, as far as regards wealth

to a state of equalty. This has proved the great stumbling block to reorganising out of revolution a better system of government than the one demolished by it. The abolition of law should abolish the title to property, should declare the agrarian principle, and then the purification of revolution would be at once accomplished. Witness the throes and agonies under which France labored and the disorganized materials of which the present monarchy is composed, as an example in favor of the agrarian principles. Witness Italy in olden times as another example; while barbaric hordes which had swept over her plains or had settled immediately around her, were breaking from the gloom of ignorance and steadily advancing in knowledge of government, she was wasting her energies in civil wars. While the former were laying from the rough materials of the feudal system, a solid basis of government for the future to build upon, the latter was engaged in the frivolous pursuits of elegance—robing herself in a garment of tinsel to gain the passing admiration of mankind, submerging the sterner attributes of her nature in beautiful but enervating and comparatively useless pursuits. I do not advocate this doctrine—but I say to avoid the excesses which are the sequences of revolution, all men should be made equal as far as acquired rights are concerned; then there would be some hopes of seeing republics in the old world. On this continent such a necessity does not exist; all possess an interest in property. It has not yet assumed the importance of a great political element, which enters so largely into the system of government as in the old world, and as you say, sir, when purified and regenerated, when the dross of the past and dreams of the future are found incompatible with the existence of a wise and practical government, and when the phases of revolution have impressed the minds of all men with these facts, a free government will be established and order and security restored."

The entrance of the tea tray put an end to the conversation and the answer of Gonsalez. The mother vied with the daughter in supplying Blount's wants. The family were acquainted with the new relation in which

he stood to them, and had cordially given their consent. Edward was delighted, and congratulated both himself and sister on the conquest she had made and the brother she had given him.

He was already treated as a son by the parents, who regarded him with an affection hardly inferior to that which they felt for Edward. He had protected them, saved the lives of the whole family, and had he not been bound to them by his affection for Manuelita, still he had won their gratitude and deserved their love.

The fugitives who had found shelter in the house and had been protected by his men, had come to thank him, and his sick chamber every day was crowded with tokens of their regard and expressions of solicitude for his recovery. His gallantry on the night of the 25th and personal contest with Satori, had by some means been bruited abroad, and all praised the courage of the handsome young American who had struck down the giant.

"Henry," said Edward, approaching the tea table, "do you know that you knocked some half a dozen teeth down Satori's throat, when you struck him?"

"No," replied Blount; "I was too much excited at the time to observe. I knew I struck him in the face with my pistol, but I did not know what damage I had done, though I recollect that when he attacked us a second time, he had a handkerchief tied around his mouth!"

"Yes," said Edward; "you have spoiled his looks! The only beauty about that brutal countenance of his, consisted in his teeth, which were really fine ones. They say he is growing his moustache until he can fill the vacancy with false teeth!"

"How is he getting?" asked Blount.

"Much better," replied Edward; "a few days will set him on his feet again. It is reported that as soon as he is well enough, he will set out for the army. He is colonel of one of the regiments. This looks something like a continuation, father, of the quiet and order which we now enjoy, to see the city free from this arch minister and brutal chief. By the by, have you heard of the play upon the word Masorca by the Montevideans. They divide and make it 'mas orco' (more hanging.)"

"A very appropriate interpretation," replied Blount. "But I forgot to ask you, Edward—did you hear of any one's taking shelter on board the schooner the night of the 25th? I left a boat in the tuscas with orders to take every one on board who came!"

"Yes," answered Edward; "I heard the Doctor say that some ten or twelve were brought off and remained there until quiet had been restored."

"I am truly glad to hear it," said Blount. "Every one thus saved may form a portion of a happy, cheerful circle like this. Will you not sing and play for us, Manuelita?" he continued. "This is my first evening in the parlor; you know I have not heard you sing since the first evening of our acquaintance, and your wild Spanish ballad has been ringing in my ears ever since."

"I must have sung very loud," she replied laughing, taking up the guitar and tuning it, "to make it last near three weeks. I will now sing you something gayer;" and with a lively, half coquettish air, she sang "No quiero, No quiero, Casa me," a pretty little Spanish song that Blount had heard before, but never in the sweet tones with which it was now repeated to him.

"Do you not sing, Henry?" she enquired, when she had finished.

"A little," he replied, "but my voice is now too weak. When I am strong again I will sing you some sailor songs."

"Oh! how I should like to hear them," ejaculated Manuelita. "When you get well, I shall put you in mind of your promise. But you seem fatigued and drowsy now, dear Henry," she said rising, "had you not better seek some rest?"

Edward came to assist Blount, for he was hardly yet able to walk by himself. Blount arose, the Señora and Manuelita kissed his brow, and leaning on Edward he went to his room.

Thus every evening of his convalescence was passed in the quiet family circle, which was but occasionally intruded upon by the neighbors, and with Manuelita by his side, he felt happy.

Every day brought to his knowledge some new and

charming feature in her character. So affectionate, so considerate, and so tenderly solicitous for his comfort and amusement, she sang, played and conversed with him, taught him Spanish and never seemed weary in his presence.

Thus glided the time, so happily and swiftly, that it was with feelings of regret and surprise he learned the schooner had returned from Montevideo, and he received orders to come immediately on board, as she was about to sail for Rio de Janeiro. He now had entirely recovered his strength. It was a sad parting for all. He clasped his betrothed to his heart, kissed her, shook hands with the rest of the family, and walked to the boat, and with many a sad look at the city he was leaving behind which he felt contained all that he held most dear in the world, was rowed off to the schooner.

CHAPTER XIII.

"When the sky has a hazy and slumberous air,
Trust not to the calm, for the whirlwind is there;
He is gathering his powers, ere he marshals them forth
For his journey over ocean and earth."

It was a stormy night, when the schooner Seagull might be seen on her way to Rio de Janeiro. Eight bells in the first watch had been struck and Blount came on deck to keep his watch.

"What sail is the schooner under?" said he to Stanly whom he was about to relieve; "It's so dark, I cannot see my hand before me."

"Close reefed topsail, bonnet off the jib and peak of the mainsail lifted to ease her steering," replied the other;

"and I would not be surprised," he continued, "if before morning we are not reduced to laying to, with balanced reefed foresail. It is a wild night, Blount, and the mare's tails lash the sky like coach whips—but the wind is steady and you will have plenty time to take in sail. The captain is to be called if the wind increases; there are no other orders. Good night and a pleasant watch;" he stepped in the watchway and disappeared.

Blount walking aft took his station on the arm chest, and as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, the whole schooner was rendered visible to him and he could distinguish the sails.

It was a wild, dark night, not a speck of blue sky visible, but black and threatening the heavens lowered gloomily upon the ocean. It was an impenetrable mass of blackness, lashed by the storm, which drew out from the clouds, long flaring gossamer-like threads, that streamed and whirled wildly in the gale.

The ocean reflected the dark hue of the heavens, but the storm was there, and the huge waves leaped to the raging blast, as it wrenched from their foaming crests a shower of sparkling spray that fell upon the dark waves gleaming like jewels.

The schooner before the wind, darted over the ocean, leaving a track of hissing light glittering from the foam of the disturbed waters, that might be seen far in the distance as she was borne lightly over the ocean.

'Twas a glorious sight to see that tiny vessel contending with the sea—battling with the raging blast. Now plunging in its dark recesses—now rising on the mountain wave—now lightly skimming over its boiling, hissing surface, foiling every effort of its mighty foe, to overwhelm her mid its waters.

Blount stood upon the arm chest surveying the wild grandeur of the scene, and every now and then bending his head down to avoid the sea birds, (cape pigeons and stormy petrel) which careered upon the storm blast, circling round and round the schooner, like spirit phantoms of the gale, as they swept wildly chirruping and screaming by him.

"Is that you, Gordon?" said Blount, seeing some one near him.

"Yes sir," answered the man.

"Well, what do you think of the weather?" enquired Blount. "Shall we have more wind? There seems to be a light spot on the clouds to the north west, as if they were about to break away."

"That is what I dread, sir," replied Gordon. "I have been cruising in and about the mouth of this river, off and on, some ten years, and never have I seen weather like this break away to the northwest without a pampero!"

Blount looked again; and what at first appeared to be but a light cloud resting on the dark back ground which covered the sky, was now clearly perceptible to be a partial break in the massive clouds. It changed, grew larger, and a portion of the blue sky beyond became visible.

"Look out, sir," said Gordon, who was gazing in the same direction; "it will come butt end foremost."

"Let it come, then," returned Blount—"It will have to whistle to bare poles. Rouse the men up, Gordon;" and as the quarter master went forward Blount felt the wind slacken.

"Man the topsail clew lines!" he shouted. "Jib down haul!" The gale lulled, the canvass flapped against the masts, and for a moment the schooner wallowed helplessly in the sea, which came rolling towards and breaking over the lee quarter and through the ports on either side.

A puff of cold air struck Blount's cheek. "Clear away the topsail sheets, clew up!" he shouted. "Let go the jib halyard! haul down! Jump aft here a hand and drop the peak of the mainsail!"

When the pampero burst like a thunderbolt upon the schooner and bore her quivering in every timber down to her bearings, and a succession of squalls, like heavy stunning blows, beat her down at every effort her buoyant frame made to rise, she had but little headway and dragged through the water.

"Hard up the helm!" shouted Blount. "Does she go off, quarter master?"

"A little, sir," was the answer—"but now she scoons it!" shouted Gordon, when the schooner, as if released from a spell, rose trembling upon the top of a wave and darted like a race horse over the sea.

"Butt end foremost, sir," said Gordon, who had now come near Blount. "The worst of it is over, sir; it will now taper away to the tail end, and I would not wonder if by to-morrow you could feed the mother carey's at the gangway in a light air or a calm."

But a few minutes had passed since the pampero first struck the schooner, hardly as long as the time I have taken to describe the above. The air had grown chilly and almost icy after the warm sea breeze which had been blowing, and was filled with the perfume of the pampas, fragrant like fresh mown hay, and howled and yelled with deafening fury as it swept through the rigging. The heavy squalls which beat the schooner down were perceptible only by the gale's rising fiercer and stronger at every puff; and when she arose, the squalls whirled howling away like some demon defeated in his fell purpose of destruction.

It now blew steadily; the squalls had given way to a steady gale.

"Man the topsail sheets!" shouted Blount—"weather sheet first, my lads. Let go the weather clew line, sheet home! Hoist the jib! Bear the boom on the quarter, Gordon, and peak the mainsail up."

"Aye—aye!" answered Gordon.

Sail was thus made, and Gordon, an old quarter master who had become much attached to Blount, came over and took a stand beside him to have a talk, which he invariably sought when Blount had the watch.

"Well Gordon, that was a heavy fellow," said Blount, seeing the old man beside him.

"Yes sir," replied Gordon—"It blew pretty heavy. But shall I tell the captain what you have been doing?"

"Yes, old man," said Blount, "I had forgotten. Go down and tell him that we were struck by a pampero and I stripped the schooner to it, and now that the heft of it is over, I have made sail to close reefed topsail, jib, and the peak of the mainsail."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Gordon, diving down the hatchway. A few minutes and he was on deck again. "The captain says very well, Mr. Blount, and wishes to know if the wind lulls any, so that more sail may be set."

"Very good," replied Blount.

"You were asking me, sir," said Gordon, "if this squall was not a heavy one: Yes sir, like all pamperos, it came butt end foremost and hammered us pretty heavily. A lull in a steady breeze and a cold puff of air, would tell a blind man what was coming. But Lord, sir, I saw in Montevideo one of the queerest sights I ever saw in my life;" and he paused.

Blount, who knew he wanted to be asked to spin his yarn, said "well what was it? Let's hear the whole yarn."

"Well sir," replied Gordon, "it was one of these pamperos. It was a short time before the Constitution came, the time you joined us, sir. We were laying off Montevideo under the mount, when one evening a yellow washy kind of a haze rose from the water and spread all over the sky and the sun, which shone through it like a ball of fire. This haze grew thicker and thicker, and although there were ships all around us, in a little while, we could not see them. There was not air enough stirring to blow out a lady's curls. We were heading to the mount, and remained becalmed for about ten minutes, not able to see any of the shipping though they were quite close to us, on account of the thick haze which now entirely hid the sun. When all at once, we heard a whistling and roaring noise, the haze parted and was whirled away like smoke rings from a gun, and we saw two schooners, one on each side, tailing to the mount tugging at their anchors, the wind whistling in their rigging, and the water ahead of them a perfect sheet of foam. And so held me heaven! for ten yards all around us, the water was as smooth as a mirror and we were in a dead calm, and there was them two schooners and all the vessels in the port with taught cables, tailing into the mount tugging at their anchors; and this schooner

heading to the mount with the bight of her cable under foot! Was it not a queer sight, sir?"

"Yes," replied Blount; "it must have been a strange and wonderful sight—but did you remain that way all the time? Did you not get a touch of the blow?"

"Oh! yes, sir," answered Gordon, "we got it at last. I saw it creeping along the water, on both sides of us, when bang! it struck us on the port side and hammered us like it did awhile ago—but veering cable and giving her the helm, we spun around like a top and knawed at our cables as hard as any craft in the port." The bell struck at this moment.

"Heave the log, Gordon," said Blount, "let's see what she is going!"

The log was hove, and the schooner found to be going nine knots. It was reported to Blount, who had now sunk into a deep revery as he looked upon the ocean. "Very well," he replied, "mark her nine knots," and he resumed his reveries.

He was upon the wild and tempest tost ocean, with the heaving waves, dark driving clouds and sparkling phosphorescence glittering like stars around him, and yet he saw not these things. His mind had wandered back to the home of his betrothed, to that happy time, when morning after morning, he awoke to the consciousness of a happy day to be spent in the presence of her who had become so dear, so necessary to his happiness.

He pictured to himself the patio and the parlor—the one in the warm, soft evenings, when the flowers would scatter their fragrance around, and Manuelita would take her guitar and sing to him until he felt himself in an elysium; and the other, when the air had grown cool, the cheerful blaze would summon them in doors, and Manuelita would sit beside him and converse with him about his country, and his father; pour out to him in the innocence of her heart, her own pure feelings, laying bare every thought, and seeking from him the sympathy which she so readily yielded to every emotion of his own.

The wild grandeur and sublimity of the night was forgotten, as sunk in such blissful reminiscences he passed the hours of his watch.

Next morning Blount was aroused from his sleep by some one's clasping his shoulder. He opened his eyes, and to his surprise and astonishment found Cloman standing by his hammock.

"Why, where on earth did you come from?" he ejaculated, grasping his hand.

"Where do you suppose?" answered Cloman, laughing and shaking his hand, "but from the frigate which lays along side of your schooner like some huge whale by a minnow."

Blount jumped out of his hammock, and looking up the sky-light, saw the tall, tapering spars of the frigate.

"Are you satisfied now?" said Cloman, still laughing. "Did you take me for a merman fresh from the sea?"

"Even if I did, Charley, you would be welcome in any shape," replied Blount. "But come—take a seat and tell me the news."

"Well," said Cloman, "in the first place, you are to turn back and not drop anchor until you strike the inner harbor of Buenos Ayres."

Blount leaped from his seat,—a bright flush glowed on his cheek, and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"There goes heart and hand to the fair Signorita," said Cloman, smiling. "Well, Harry, the schooners say, she is worthy of you. They have been telling me all about your adventures in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, and I could hardly break away from them to come down and see you!"

"The officer of the boat is wanting, sir," said a man down the hatchway.

"Good bye, Harry," said Cloman, "I must go on board, but I will see you before long. We are bound to Montevideo, and I will try to get permission to spend a week in Buenos Ayres."

"Do not fail to do so, Charley," returned Blount, "I will then have time to talk. I miss you much, Charley —could you not get ordered to the schooner?"

"No, I am afraid not," answered Cloman. "Good bye," and with cordial grasps of the hands the young men parted.

Blount dressed and went on deck. He found that the

frigate had filled away and was about half a mile ahead of the schooner. He now learned that she had been discovered in the mid watch, and at dawn signals were hoisted which proved her to be the Constitution. A boat had been lowered from the frigate, bringing a letter bag and orders to Capt G—— to return to Buenos Ayres.

"A letter, sir," said the captain's steward to him, as he stood leaning against the trunk of the schooner.

Blount took it and saw that the seal was black. With trembling hands and quaking heart, he broke it open and —his father was dead—he fell without sense or motion upon the deck. Gordon who was on deck, rushed up and raising him in his arms, carried him below.

For days he was in his hammock. The wound in his breast broke out afresh, and when the tall spires of the cathedral of Buenos Ayres were seen rising above the horizon, he could but slowly and languidly move about the deck. It is true, that when the anchor was dropped and the captain told him to go on shore until his health was restored, a faint flush marked his joy at meeting once more his betrothed, now indeed all to him in this world.

CHAPTER XIV.

"'Tis sweet to know an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

It was a clear, soft evening, when Manuelita took her needle work in hand and seated herself in the balcony, which looked upon the plaza. The plaza and the streets presented a far different appearance now from what they did during the sway of the Masorca club. The plaza was filled with a moving and ever changing multitude who gaily paraded around and about it, laughing and

chatting together with lively animated countenances which indicated that their minds were free from care and open to the enjoyment of gay and social intercourse.

The streets too were now no longer deserted, and the youth, the gay and the fair, were hurrying through them to join and mingle with the crowd in the plaza.

It was a gay, happy scene, animating the soft summer twilight and the gathering shades of night with a spirit which indicated happy hearts and a future that rested lightly on their minds. It is true, there were many there who had lost a father, husband, or a brother, and in mourning garments they moved pale and sad in the throng, as if by their presence seeking to reprove the heartless gaiety of the scene.

Manuelita, as she gazed down upon the street and plaza with their moving throng, could not but contrast them in her own mind with the appearance which they presented but a few short weeks ago, when none but the coarse and brutal soldiery gathered in the square and domineered over the citizens who chanced to pass through it,—when the loud and frequent reports from the Fort told the last hour of many a hapless wretch who was thus immolated to the fears of Rossas.

Then a few citizens glided about, pale and spectre-like, with doubt and anxiety in their countenances, treading their way from house to house, as if every step would cast them into some pitfall of hidden danger; now the change was before her, and "she! had she not changed too?" she asked herself. A warm glow gathered around her heart and filled her veins whilst her glance mellowed as she called to mind that dear remembered evening when the swelling form of Blount was revealed to her—when he stood erect, his eyes flashing with scorn and defiance, as he flung the blue 'kerchief in the face of the insolent Gaucho; and then she saw him sitting by her side gazing with looks of admiration upon her, and saw her brother claim his friendship; and then in a few short hours he had become their protector, the only one to whom they could turn in their troubles; and then the ball scene passed before her, and the handsome form of her betrothed stood confronting the swarthy mulatto, like a

youthful David opposed to a Goliah; and then the proposal which struck such feelings of joy to her heart; the storm and all the attendant horrors of that awful night passed before her, the sick bed, convalescence and the parting hour, when he strained her to his breast and disappeared from her sight.

Her head sunk in her hands as memory warm and fervid brought vividly to her mind these scenes, and she thought how long it would perhaps be ere she would see that noble and beloved countenance, which shone so bright and pure from the dark history she had been revolving in her mind. She arose from her seat with a desolate and lonely feeling and moved slowly to the patio.

"Manuelita! Manuelita!" shouted Edward, as he rushed in the gate and saw her, "what will you give me for my news? now guess who has come!" he continued gaily.

"Henry," ejaculated she with a look of joy which seemed to subdue the happy look of Edward. "Is it not so?" she continued doubtingly, seeing the change and grasping his arm.

"I hope so, my sister," he continued gaily, kissing her brow, "but you must not be too sanguine. I will tell you the news, and you can judge for yourself. The signal man at the station reports an American war schooner anchored in the inner harbor, and thinks it the Seagull. There is a boat coming from her—we shall soon know."

"'Tis he!" exclaimed Manuelita, joyfully. "I feel it is so. Go down to the boat, Edward, and see, whilst I tell father and mother the happy news," and she leaped gaily into the house.

Edward walked into the street and soon stood under one of the trees which in a row stretched along the landing. The boat had arrived, and an officer was stepping up into a cart which had gone out for him, some baggage was then thrown in, and it moved to the shore.

As it approached, Edward recognised Blount, and rushed eagerly to meet him. "Henry!" "Edward!" exclaimed the young men, as they grasped each other's hands.

"You hardly expected me," said Blount, when the first congratulations had passed. "How is Manuelita?"

"We knew that a schooner," said Edward, "reported to be your's had arrived, and that a boat had pushed off from her and was pulling towards the city, and Manuelita," he continued, "sent me to meet you, so confident was she that the schooner was the Seagull. You will find her prepared to meet you. But Henry," he exclaimed, as Blount pale and sad bent his eyes upon the ground, "you are not well, and now I see that you are thin and seem feeble!"

"I have not been well, Edward," said Blount. "I have met with a sad loss since I saw you," pointing to the crape which was hanging from his arm, "but I am now here with you," he continued, more cheerfully; "I have come back to my home, the only one I have now; I will soon regain my health and spirits."

Edward pressed his hand with emotion, and drawing his arm within his, supported him as they walked along the street.

Manuelita and her parents stood at the gate to receive him, and as Blount embraced them, he felt the loneliness which had oppressed him, since the notice of his father's death, pass away at their affectionate welcome.

Manuelita at once divined the cause of his grief, as she marked his pale, thoughtful brow, and saw the crape hanging from his arm.

"I am an invalid again, dear Manuelita," said Blount, smiling sadly, when they had all seated themselves in the parlor. "I have come to the nurse who once nursed me, to be cured a second time."

"You must follow her directions then," she said, smiling through her tears, "and confine yourself to the house, where you shall have cheerful company. You will not think such a restriction hard, I know!"

Blount gazed upon her with undefinable feelings—the beautiful, affectionate woman, whose love, sympathising in his deep affliction, sought to weave around him an atmosphere of cheerful home affection, to ward off or soften the effects of the heavy blow which had fallen upon him.

Woman, thou art indeed man's comforter. Look upon the lovely being before us. Gaze within the deep recesses of her heart, and see the noble impulses which dictate her actions. In strength and health she looks up to him for protection with a fond and clinging nature, almost reverencing the stern determination and calm firmness with which he buffets the waves of adversity in her behalf. She feels pride in the noble impulses which give strength and vigor to his acts, and if he be poor and these qualities are concentrated upon the endeavor to surround her with comforts of life, she bows down before him prostrate in the deep devotedness of her nature and submerges self in untiring and unremitting attention to his slightest wants. When sick, and the manly form lies weak and helpless, prostrated by disease, then it is she seems an angel sent from heaven to comfort us! Her affection can be compared only to that of a mother for her child; so deep and yearning is the gaze of love and anguish with which she regards him; sleepless days and nights are devoted to his bedside, gliding with soft and considerate tread through the apartment, hovering over him to let his feverish mind catch her soothing presence and soften the delirium of his wild ravings; and those minute attentions which a total disregard and forgetfulness of self can only dictate, how often are we the subject of them and hardly know it! We *feel* her presence, and it is only when she is gone that we see how much we are indebted to her for happiness.

Such were Blount's thoughts, as he gazed upon his betrothed and marked the deep devotion and affectionate sympathy with which she regarded him.

He drew his seat close to her, the family were at the farther end of the room, "Manuelita," said he, taking her hand, "I had hoped some day to have shown you my father. He is no more, and now I am alone."

"Alone, Henry," she exclaimed rising, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing his cheek; "Alone, Henry!" she repeated, "And *I* here!"

"Forgive me, dearest, forgive me," said Blount, pressing her to his heart; "You are indeed left to me, and in your affection I shall seek my home."

She stood beside the table with her arm around his neck looking down with fond affection upon him.

"I will not ask you to leave your parents and country to come and dwell with me," said Blount tenderly, "but dearest, will you soon be mine? Give me a husband's right to protect thee, and accompany me to the United States, until I can make arrangements to return and then we will reside here, for thy parents are mine; I have none other. Speak, dearest Manuelita," and rising from his chair he stood beside her; "in my grief and sorrow, let me have the consolation of knowing that I will soon clasp my wife to my heart."

"I am thine, Henry," she said, bending her head low down, "and will go with thee."

Blount pressed a kiss upon her lips, then crossing the room he took a seat by her father. "Edward, my dear sir," said he, "has I suppose informed you of the death of my only parent." Signor Gonsalez caught and pressed his hand in silence. "In the letter," continued Blount, "that brought me the sad tidings, there was another from his agent, which informed me that my father's means, with the exception of a small portion, were invested in the estate on which he resided. I have resolved, therefore, to leave the Navy. You, sir, have always treated me as a son, and as a father I regard you; give me the right to call you so."

"You have it, Henry," replied Signor Gonsalez. "We all regard you with much affection, and we will entrust Manuelita to you, satisfied that you will prove affectionate and kind to her."

"Thanks, my dear sir," said Blount joyfully. "Will you then consent to our nuptials being celebrated in a few weeks? I wish to return to the United States and make arrangements to come back and reside here with you."

"I can hardly consent to that," replied Signor Gonsalez; but seeing Blount become grave at these words, he added, "I have, my dear Henry, long thought of converting my property here into money and joining my brother-in-law in the United States—but I have delayed it from time to time, and lately when such excesses were

committed, I would have put the plan into execution, had Rossas permitted any one to leave the country. I live now only for my children. Manuelita will go with you, and I think it better that Edward too should go and become a citizen of your great and free country. I have resolved, therefore, to accompany you. Now go, my dear boy," he continued, "and tell them all our plans."

Blount cheerfully obeyed. Edward was delighted, and Manuelita went and kissed her father, as if in gratitude for the sacrifice he made in his old age, to leave the scenes of his childhood and youth to accompany her to a far and strange land.

It was a happy evening to all. Blount when he went to his couch felt happier than he had been for some time, and indulged in home associations without that stunning grief which had affected him whenever his thoughts reverted to his home, now rendered so desolate by the loss of his father. But now, with Manuelita and her family, it would once more be a cheerful home, and though that dear parent could never be forgotten, he felt that he would be happy in the affection of the lovely being who soon would become his wife. Dreaming of his home and his bride he soon sunk to rest.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Among the many turns which the James river in its course to mingle with the waters of the roads near Hampton takes, there is one which from its extent is peculiar and striking, turning the whole course of the river about eight miles out of the direct line. On approaching this turn, it has the appearance of a long narrow peninsular, about a mile in width; the lower portion of the river from thence can plainly be seen gliding beyond, but to reach it a circuit of four miles would have to be taken along the shore of the peninsular, then rounding a bluff there were four more to be traversed before you would come in a line with the upper portion of the river, previous to this turn.

This peninsular, which thus dammed up the waters of the river and forced them to seek egress by scooping an outlet on the eastern shore, was in a fine state of cultivation. The yellow corn in thick, serried ranks, extended from the main land to within a short distance of the bluff. Here however the fields ended and a wood consisting of the tall lombardy, and silver poplar, the beech, walnut, aspen and sycamore trees grew, forming a beautiful growth clustering around the bluff.

Almost imbedded in this wood and back some hundred yards from the river, a noble mansion stood. It was built of brick, the centre portion circular and running up three stories, two wings were attached to this which extended some thirty feet on each side. In front, the length of the centre building, there was a large semicircular porch, roofed over and supported by a number of columns.

The wood was on either side and back of this building. In front there was an unobstructed view of the river, and a beautiful green lawn extending to the edge of the bluff, around which a light fence had been erected.

To one rounding the bluff the house and woods alone would be visible, (the fields of corn being concealed by the elevation of the bluff,) appearing in the foreground of the highlands on the main land, with hill and dale undulating beyond until lost in the blue haze of distance.

Seated on the steps of the portico one evening, might be seen two persons conversing together and enjoying the evening air, which, though November, was warm and soft as summer. The sun was close to the horizon of the highlands beyond, and a flood of radiance came struggling through the wood, dipping the rich and varied tints of autumnal foliage in its golden beams and as it fell upon the lawn, filling the atmosphere with a mellow haze which marked the approach of twilight. One of the persons alluded to, was a lady sitting on a low chair with a babe in her arms, gazing upon the river and lawn in front and turning occasionally to view the warm and mellowed hues with which the sun beams had decked the foliage of the trees. The other was a young man, apparently about twenty-three years of age, and he too was similarly employed in watching the effect of the sunset, and now and then making a remark to the lady. At last, giving a slight shudder as some door in the house was opened, and a draught came through to the porch, he turned to his companion, saying—

"I am almost afraid of this air, dear Manuelita; had you not better go into the house—the evening dews are gathering,—you know, you are not yet quite acclimated—and little Harry, too," he added smiling, "is it prudent for him to be here?"

"No, Henry," replied the lady, "I will not trust him to the evening air. I was so taken with the beauty of the sunset, I did not perceive the approach of the dews. Will you not come in too?"

"Not now, dearest Manuelita," replied Blount; "I think I spy Cloman's boat on the river. I will walk down to meet him and bring him up with me."

Manuelita entered the house, and Blount descending the steps, walked slowly down the lawn. He hardly reached the bluff, when he saw Cloman ascending it from the beach below.

"How are you, Harry?"—"How are you, Charley?" were the salutations exchanged between the young men, as they shook each other by the hand.

"Come up to the house, Charley," said Blount, "Manuelita wishes to talk with you about Buenos Ayres, and I, during the hubbub of your arrival yesterday, had hardly time to say half a dozen words."

"I have come to spend the evening with you, Harry," returned Cloman, "and be myself a witness of your domestic felicity."

"Very well then," said Blount, mounting the steps of the porch which they had now reached; "come in, you shall have a fair chance."

Blount walked into the house, and throwing open a door, ushered his friend into the presence of his wife, who sat by the fire with a book in her hand. She arose and cordially greeted Cloman, offering her hand, which he took, and led her to the seat from which she had arisen in advancing to meet him.

The room was a large one, richly and elegantly furnished, with that height to the ceilings which large windows and heavy curtains, together with much light can alone render cheerful and deprive of a dreary aspect. A chandelier consisting of several lamps with shades of ground glass, hung pendant from the centre of the ceiling within about seven feet of the floor. There was a sparkling hickory wood fire in the fire-place, whose blaze lit up with a cheerful light the heavy hangings about the room and the old-fashioned but comfortable looking furniture. In the middle of the floor stood a centre table; around this the party gathered.

"Now Charley," said Blount, "open your budget of news, and tell us all about the La Plata. Manuelita, I know, is eager to hear of her friends, and even enemies, so long as they belong to Buenos Ayres."

"About Buenos Ayres," replied Cloman, "I can say but little; I was there but once, took passage in the Seagull, Harry, and remained only a day. It is however quiet, and business seems to thrive; the harbor or rather roadstead is crowded with shipping, and altogether the people seem to be lively and cheerful. As to Monte-

video, it is (as the lawyers say) in 'statu quo,' and likely to be for years hence. Rossas keeps Oribe before it, with orders not to bombard and take it at once, but cut off all communication with the country, and deprive it of its commercial resources, whilst he builds up the trade of Buenos Ayres and secures to his own people the profits thereof. He is a wise and crafty fellow. Oribe gets the credit for being a humane man, because he will not bombard the city; and Rossas is securing the commercial prosperity of Buenos Ayres, whilst his rival is chained by the arms of her own renegade citizens! What think you of it, Harry?"

"I hardly know what to think, Charley," said Blount. "Rossas is a wise, and as you say, a crafty man; he has some deep laid scheme in view with regard to Montevideo. It was a growing city, and had already outstripped Buenos Ayres in its commerce, when Rossas laid claim to it, and set the Federals to work to assist him in carrying his plans into execution. His own purpose is gained however, in cutting off its communication with the country, and thus deprived of the resources which made it a commercial city, Buenos Ayres will become without a rival, the great city of the La Plata, and an emporium for the products of all that immense tract of country which is included between the empire of Brazil on the one side, and the mountains of the Andes on the other. It is my opinion, that Montevideo will remain in 'statu quo' for many years yet, until the trade of the La Plata is secured to Buenos Ayres. But Charley, tell me something of the schooners; what has become of Stanly?—was he aboard when you were there?"

"Yes," replied Cloman; "he told me he never expected to be detached from her—as for getting home, he has given up all hopes of that: he has already been on the station four years. We had a long talk together about you; he seems to be much attached to you, and often used to point to your seat on the locker, and tell how for hours you would sit there reading and working out sights, whilst he would make a noise to distract your attention."

"He was a noble fellow, Charley," said Blount, "had

one of the kindest hearts, and was always a pleasant and agreeable companion. I hope he will pay me the visit he promised when I left; but what of the captain, first lieutenant and doctor? Who took my place on board of her?"

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said Cloman, laughing—"the captain is made a commander, and came home passenger with us in the frigate; Marline now commands the schooner. The doctor has also come home and a young saw-bones occupies his place; so they are all disposed of, and as Stanly said, 'he is now *next* to the last of the Mohicans.'"

"But you have not answered me yet, Charley," said Blount; who was ordered in my place?"

"I had forgot," replied Cloman; "it was Smith, Liolel Smith—you know he was our messmate on board the frigate."

Manuelita had risen softly from her seat during this conversation and glided from the room.

"Well Harry," said Cloman, observing her absence, "I envy you; with that lovely being for a wife. your future happiness is secured, and you have naught to do but enjoy the life before you."

"I am indeed happy," replied Blount. "But Charley," laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "I hope some day you will bring home a wife too, and form one in the delightful coterie which this neighborhood affords."

"I hope so too, Harry," said Cloman; "but I must get my swab first. If I come often to see you, I am afraid I will be at the feet, with the offer of hand and heart to the first pretty girl I meet. But Harry, how does your father-in-law like our country?—does he regret leaving Buenos Ayres?"

"No," replied Blount; "they all like the country very much, and are contented to spend the rest of their days with me. Edward is in business with his uncle in Baltimore. My father and mother are on a visit there; they will return to-morrow. But Charley, tell me something more of the schooners; did you see old Gordon and Jones when you were aboard?"

"Oh yes," replied Cloman; "the old fellow, Gordon

I mean, caught me upon deck one night and kept me there a whole watch, telling me about his imprisonment in Dartmoor during the war. Jones was not aboard, I believe; a draft of the schooners was sent home in the Essex,—I think he was one. But Harry, it is now my turn to ask questions: What has become of Thomas Jefferson, the darkee that Stanly used to talk about?"

"Here he is to answer for himself," said Blount, as the veritable Tom appeared at the door with a waiter of refreshments, which he deposited upon the table. He was if any thing fatter than he had been in Montevideo, and had a sleek, jolly countenance, which the assumed gravity of his demeanor as he entered the room, could not conceal. His dress was neat and tidy, consisting of blue cloth trousers and coat, the latter garment made single-breasted and buttoned up with large brass buttons, à la militaire; he had on also a high, polished leather stock, which propped his head up as of yore. He walked like a spread eagle, his feet forming with his heels for an apex, an angle of about one hundred and seventy degrees. It was evident he prided himself upon and desired to impress all by the military air and dignity of his looks with the idea that he was once a soldier.

"Thomas," said Blount, "do you recollect Mr. Stanly?"

"De officer ob de schooner, Massa," replied Tom, surprised out of his dignity for a moment, but immediately drawing himself up again, "de time I was a soger, Massa, and tuck de officer from prison?"

"The same, Thomas," said Blount.

"Yes, Massa," said Tom gravely, "I recollect him; a fine young gentleman, Massa, but found of his talk, Massa. He call me snowball, and put twenty dollar in my pocket when I come away from de river. Massa Stanly well, Massa?"

"Yes," returned Blount, "and has often talked to my friend here about you."

"Golly, Massa," said Tom, evidently much gratified at this mark of recollection, and opening his mouth from ear to ear in the exuberance of his joy, "young Massa Stanly bery fine man to tink ob me. I take him to Monkchallo, when I see him." Tom had heard the Italian

pronunciation of the country seat "Monticello" of his great namesake, and assuming it as being the most correct, had anglicised it as above.

Manuelita now entered, and taking a seat at the table, helped her husband and Cloman to the refreshments.

"Did you see any of the ladies of Buenos Ayres, Mr. Cloman, when you went there in the schooner?" enquired Manuelita.

"Only one that I knew," replied Cloman, "and she, although married to a Buenos Ayrean, was a Montevidean. It was your old friend, Harry, the Signora Aguilla."

"Ah!" said Blount, "she is married then. You were a little taken with her yourself, Charley, and had she not been engaged and you ordered on board the ship, I know not what would have taken place;" and he related to his wife how much Cloman had been struck with the lady's appearance on the house-top in Montevideo.

"I know him very well," said Manuelita, "and had heard he was attached to some Montevidean lady. I am glad to hear that they have been united. She, I believe, Henry, belongs to a family who are in favor of the political principles of Rossas. Have the family taken up their residence in Buenos Ayres, Mr. Cloman?"

"Yes," replied Cloman, "her father and uncle are both there. But Harry," turning to him, "I have overstaid my time, and must think of getting on the other side of the river."

Blount arose and conducted him to the door, where taking leave of his hostess, Cloman accompanied by him walked to the porch and then down the lawn. It was a bright starlight night, and the air chilly and nipping, seemed to betoken a frost in the morning.

"Nothing like a southern sky," said Cloman, looking up. "Do you remember, Harry, how you used to stand in the gangway, spending the long hours of a watch gazing upon the stars? Have you giving up that now?"

"Oh, no," replied Blount, "I have what I call my little observatory on top the house and frequently spend an hour or so at my old occupation; but as you used to say, Charley, the stars sparkle and twinkle here, and I never

enjoy the view as much as I did in the warm and soft atmosphere of the south, with the open sea as a floor to the gorgeous arch, where worlds undulating in space hung, as if to afford light to our noble ship while she furrowed up the sea in her course."

"Bad as ever, Harry," said Cloman. "Still something of the romantic left—but here we are, at the bluff; good night," shaking Blount's hand. "I have three month's leave, and will be over often to see you."

"Do so, Charley," replied Blount, returning the pressure; "I shall expect half of your time, at least, to be spent with me."

"Well, we don't live far apart—I will try to realize your expectations," said Cloman, descending the steps which led down the bluff to the river shore.

Blount watched him descending, saw him safely down, then jumping in the boat shove her off into the stream; he kept his eye on the boat until it reached the dark shade of the woods on the other shore and disappeared within it, then turning around, he retraced his steps towards the house.

THE END.

BRAITHWAITE'S RETROSPECT;

A HALF-YEARLY JOURNAL OF

PRACTICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Part XXIV., January, 1852, Now Ready.

CHANGE OF PROPRIETORSHIP AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORK.

Uniform American Edition.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS A YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

This invaluable compendium, which was commenced in 1840, and has now reached its Twenty-Fourth Number, with the unqualified approbation of the profession, and a very extensive patronage of non-medical readers, has recently passed into the hands of Messrs. STRINGER and TOWNSEND, its present *Proprietors*. It will hereafter be issued by them *simultaneously* with the London edition, by virtue of an arrangement entered into for the advance proof sheets, with the distinguished author, and will appear regularly on the first days of January and July respectively, in a greatly improved form as regards both paper and typographical execution; these, with the gradual enlargement of the work, and the obligation of the new postage-law, have made the trifling advance on the former price of subscription necessary. The work itself is so well known to the public in general that it is almost needless to enter into any lengthened description of it. It constitutes a condensed register of medical facts and observations for the past year, and a complete retrospect of all that is valuable and worth possessing respecting the treatment of disease, gleaned from the British and foreign medical journals, and the transactions of the different societies and associations, and presented to the reader in as condensed a form as possible, and generally in the words of the respective authors.

To medical men the great advantage offered by the RETROSPECT is its embodying, in a confined space, all the cream of all the medical periodicals, sparing them the labor of wading through many volumes filled with much trivial and uninteresting matter, which must be perused in order to reach what is really valuable; and supplying them with a key, by aid of which they may find precisely what they require in any of the scattered publications of the day. To families and private individuals it is scarcely less valuable than to the professional reader—since, although purely and in the highest degree scientific, its contents are yet presented in a style so simple and unaffected that they are comprehensible to any ordinary intellect.

This admirable digest enjoys, throughout the world, a higher fame in its department, and has a more extensive patronage, than was ever acquired by any other periodical publication.

TERMS, invariably in advance, from PART XXIII, for JULY, price $1; $2 per annum. The back numbers, or sets from the commencement, can be had at the following *original* prices, FREE OF POSTAGE:

24 Parts, bound in 10 Volumes, Sheep Library Style, $2 a Volume, $20—delivered free of charge.

Parts 1 *to* 12,	. . . . .	50 *Cents each.*
" 13 *to* 22,	. . . . .	75 *Cents each.*
" 23, 24	. . . . .	$1 *each.*

The most liberal terms will be given to Booksellers and Travelling Agents.

N. B.—Mail subscribers will particularly note that for $2 per annum, *paid in advance*, the work will reach them POSTAGE FREE, in whatever part of the Union.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND, Proprietors and Publishers,

No. 222 Broadway, New-York.

Stringer and Townsend's Recent Publications.

Punch's Humorous Library.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. By "Punch." With Engravings. New edition, from the revised London issue. 25 cts.
PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER. Do. do. 25 cents.
PUNCH'S COURTSHIP. 10 Plates. Do. do. Price 25 cents.
PUNCH'S HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY. Do. do. Price 25 cents.
PUNCH'S LABORS OF HERCULES. Do. do. Price 25 cents.
THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT. Do. do. 25 cents.
THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT. (Second Series.) 12½ cts.

Dickens's Last Great Work.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, the Younger. With Illustrations. Paper covers, price 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.
STORIES FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS, by Dickens. "Lizzy Leigh," the story of "A Coal Fire." "The Miner's Daughters," and "Loaded Dice." 2 Nos., each 13 cents.

George Sand's "Master-Pieces."

CONSUELO. Four volumes complete in ONE. Price 50 cents.
COUNTESS OF RUDOLFSTADT: Sequel to Consuelo. 50 cents

Madame De Stael's Greatest Work.

CORINNE; or Italy. Price 50 cents.

Douglas Jerrold's Select Works.

ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES. Illustrated. Price 38 cents.
THE DREAMER AND WORKER. Price 25 cents.
MARY MATURIN; a story of Social Distinctions. Price 25 cents.

Lever's Companion to "Charles O'Malley."

CON CREGAN, the Irish Gil Blas. By Lever. Price 25 cents.

Lamartine's Best Novel.

GENEVIEVE; or, Peasant Love and Sorrow. Price 25 cents.

Jenny Lind "Songster" and "Life."

THE NIGHTINGALE; or, Jenny Lind Songster. Price 50 cents
LIFE OF JENNY LIND. With Steel Portrait. Price 25 cents.

Thackeray's Christmas Story.

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE. With an Essay on the Thunderer's Review (*The Times*). Price 13 cents.

Vith
eta.
ents.
ents.
ents.
ents.

eta.

ions.

izzy
are,"

ents

ents.

ents
ts.

the